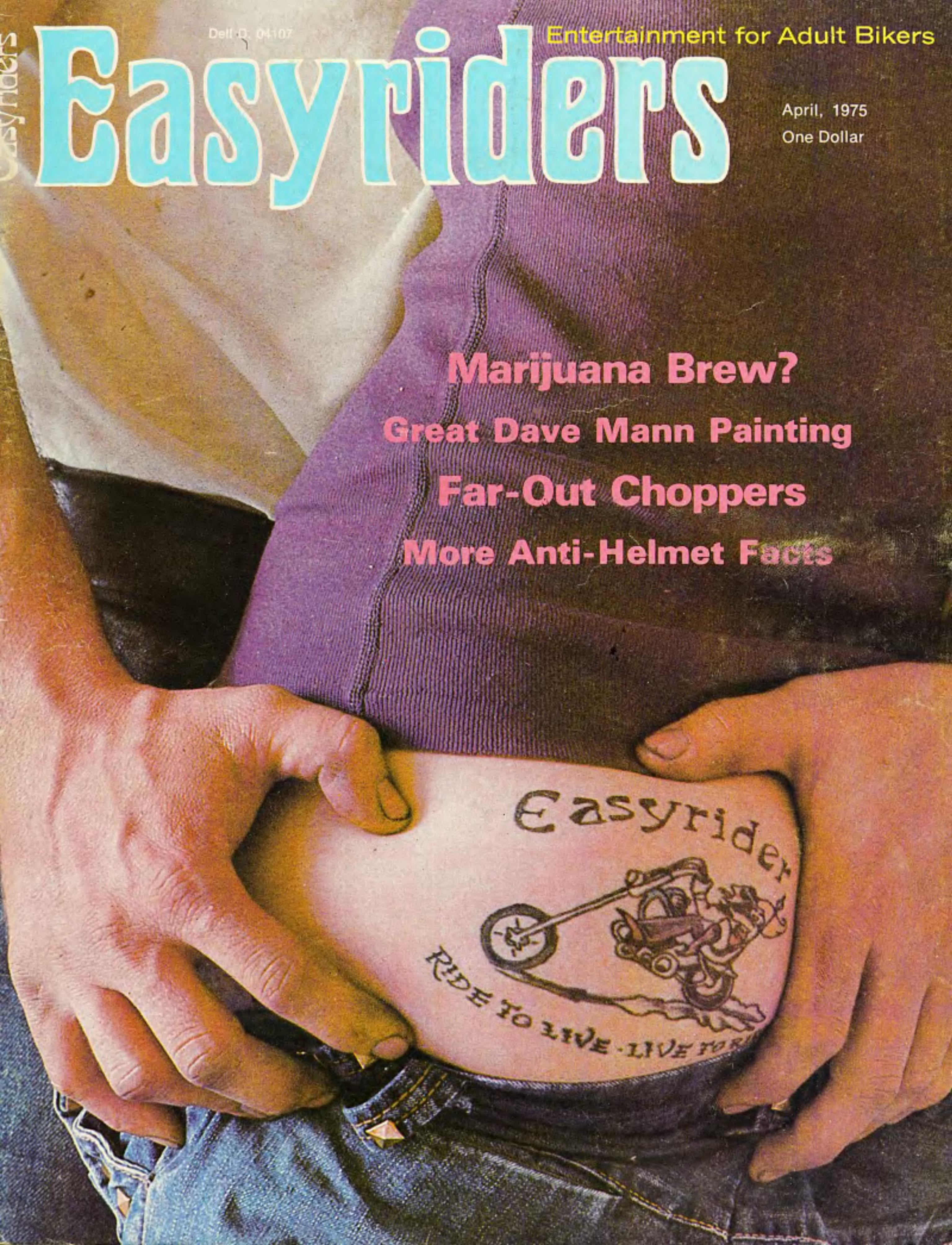
Dell D. 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

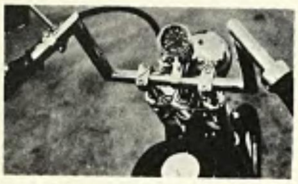
April, 1975
One Dollar

Marijuana Brew?
Great Dave Mann Painting
Far-Out Choppers
More Anti-Helmet Facts



160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper! *and Sportster*

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2⅜" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer



Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **$44.95**

Your Gasoline Hassles Have Ended!

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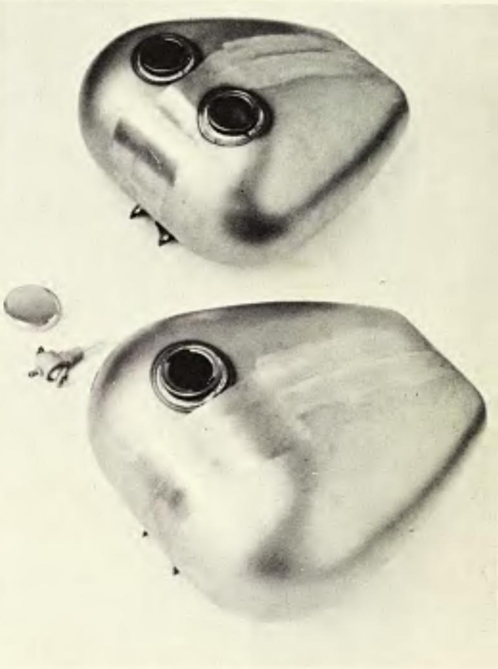

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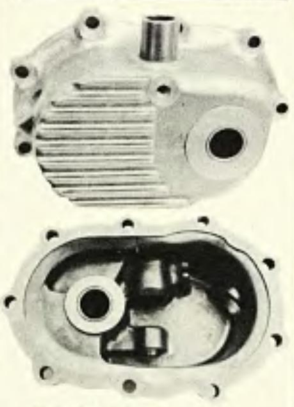

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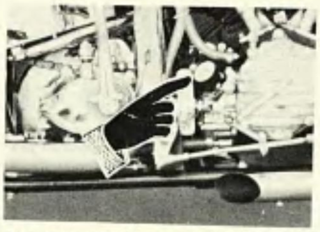

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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Number 28

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Cover photo of Kris Fenton by Pete Chiodo

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Giving the finger to a cop is not considered harassment according to the New York Court of Appeals. The same court had previously held in another case that use of obscene language to a cop wasn't harassment either. The judge did say, however, "If you're going to give a trooper 'the finger' you're going to have problems." Figures.

"We're serving notice on anyone who decides to commit a crime—whether it's running a red light or committing an armed robbery—that they will be dealt with severely," said Quincy, Massachusetts, mayor Walter Hannon as he passed out 9mm machine guns and 12-gauge shotguns to his policemen (who drive unmarked cars).

Wanta buy a jail cell? Well, the city of Minneapolis has (as we go to press) six 5'x7' cell blocks for sale—and they come complete with a shitter, swing-down steel bed, and a key-lock door. A good place to toss the ol' lady when she gives you any hassle.

Great news for drag queens! Two Harvard medical school surgeons recently stated that some men can fully develop feminine breasts from heavy marijuana smoking. Christ! There's nothing that grass can't do—or hasn't been accused of!

Poor aid the poor: Dudes in the Oregon State Penitentiary donated $821 to 500 needy children last Christmas.

Don't bitch—it's legal! The Sheriff of Monterey County, California, was recently reelected to another term. But six days before being sworn in for the new term, he retired from the "old" office, which enabled him to collect $1,500 monthly pension as a "retired" sheriff while at the same time collecting $2,400 monthly salary as the working sheriff. In other words, he's paid for working in an office and having retired from the same office. He said he hopes that "people will not be jealous because I have been able to help myself."

Maybe you'd better shed a tear at the next funeral you attend. A woman recently specified in her will that $50 be paid to anyone who cried at her funeral. Nobody collected, though—the will was read after the funeral and there was no record kept as to who wailed at her going-away party.

A driver in Cincinnati pulled up behind another car at a traffic light and noticed a sticker on the other guy's rear bumper that read, "Honk, if you love Jesus." So, he honked. The dude in the front car turned and gave him the finger. That's your Sunday school lesson for this issue.

Getting speckled in Lauderdale? A guy in that Florida city has complained about airplanes dumping their toilets just before landing. When he complained to the FAA they told him to get the plane's ID number. He refused. "If they think I'm going to stand outside with my face to the sky, they're nuts."

Talk about a scarfin' trip: It's been recorded that Julius Caesar tripped on flamingo tongues, peacock brains, fish livers, and women.

Never-know-you-might-need-this file: The New York Supreme Court has held that it is unreasonable search and offensive to fair play and decency to cut extensively into a man's body to dig out a bullet that might connect him to a murder.

Would you believe that the head of one of the government's drug abuse agencies recently copped out to having smoked grass? Of course he quickly added that it was a number of years ago and that he'd never touch that rotten killer weed now. ■

We can honestly say that it's the best Harley buckle you can buy

(Actual size—and it weighs almost a half pound)

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A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—solid metal, weighs almost a half pound.

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Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

WORDMONGER

Hash Marks

☐ Hey, man! Do you know your cover girl for the January '75 issue is wearing the same pair of panties that she wore in the June '74 issue story "Weekend Run"? I bet those mothers have hash browns an inch thick.

David Mitchell
Springfield, Ohio

■ What panties?

Proud Ol' Lady

☐ I've only been a biker's ol' lady for five months. I really dig it—and I'm proud to wear a "Property Of" patch too. Some people ask me how I could admit to something like that. I tell them to go fuck themselves.

Su
Massachusetts

Screwed Up Again?

☐ The Afghan hash Clement sent you must have really blew your shit. You forgot "In The Wind," one of your best features—second only to Miraculous Mutha. The slip will be forgiven this time, but ease up on the hash.

Professor
Farmington, N. Mex.

■ We're innocent! We figured that all the photos of Evel's trip took the place of it.

A Word From Rabbit

☐ You might be interested in one thing which I think is important concerning my stories you've published. There are a lot of guys in here who fall for that shit The Man lays on them about "you ain't good for nothing!" When such guys see someone else making this prison time count for something, it gives them confidence to try it too. Not just writing, but painting or anything else they may have a talent for doing. I've shown your recent acceptance letter to a number of dudes just to prove my point. So your letter not only helped me, but a lot of other guys!

Larry "Rabbit" Cole
Vacaville, California

Girl Catches Mistake

☐ The poster Dave Mann did in the December '74 issue had a mistake in it. He made the hopscotch like this 8 9
7
5 6
4
2 3
1
when it should be like this
7 8
6
4 5
3
1 2
I am a girl and I am eight years old, so I should know.

Sally
Latham, New York

■ You're both wrong. I played it like this 7 8
6
4 5
3
2
1

Where They Belong

☐ I have been riding for 9 years (I'm 25), have owned four of my own Hogs, and have owned my own custom shop, and I'd still rather be where I belong—packing behind my ol' man, **not** riding next to him.

Women were put here for man's pleasure, **not** the other way around.

Rain
Springfield, Calif.

Approved Lists

☐ Run this, clods, it's important! To the bikers in the slam who put their addresses in "Mail Call" and especially to one William N. Perry in Grady, Arkansas, please, you guys, check with whomever you have to check with and find out about your mailing lists! I have written to numerous places and sometimes the letters come back unopened and stamped "Not on Inmates mailing list" or some suckassed crap like that. Bill Perry, put me on your mailing list, if you want to hear some words from the outside. If you need the address and shit, I'll put it down here:

Teddi Stransky,
643 North Edwards,
Wichita, Kansas.

His Ol' Lady

☐ Gentlemen: (By the way, calling you "gentlemen" wasn't my idea. It was the ol' lady's. If it was up to me I would call you pricks like you are.)

Thanks a lot for recognizing that there is more than one type of bike. The Triumph in the December issue was great.

For me the story "Second To Ms. H-D" was also great, but the ol' lady thought it sucked.

Eric
Green Springs, Fla.

■ Your ol' lady must really give good head—you sure take a lotta lip from her.

Raisin Pie

☐ If you guys keep up the good work maybe someday you'll be worth two pieces of raisin pie and an extra ration of smokes.

Otto
Galeton, Pa.

■ Bullshit.

Pissed Off

☐ You guys really pissed me off. In the January issue you put a sweetassed broad on the back side of the iron-on transfer. Now that's what I call chickenshit.

Biker
Sanger, Calif.

Finding Chicks

☐ I don't see why you should have any problem finding chicks to get it on in your rag. Even I probably would—especially since my mother doesn't read it.

Peanutbutter
Bridgeport, Conn.

Laconia Returns

☐ There was some doubt whether or not the Laconia races would be held this year because of all the so-called trouble last year. But as it turned out, the State would lose too much money if the races were held elsewhere—so they will be held again this year. Unlike last year, there will be **no** camping allowed along Route

Bruce Ferguson
Franklin, N.H.

He's In Love

☐ Please send me the name and address of that foxy li'l blonde on page 16 of the January issue. I'm so in love I would belly-crawl five miles through busted beer bottles just to see where she peed.

The Dude
North Mich.

Assmen

☐ Let's have more on chicks with tattoos. I'm also glad you guys haven't forgotten us assmen.

Space Gypsy
Miami, Fla.

Just Like Stateside

☐ We can't ride choppers here on Okinawa, and we have to cool it to stay out of the Japanese slams, but other than that, we still think, ride, talk, and snort like we did stateside.

Dirty Dan
Koza, Okinawa

Different Strokes

☐ Us two-strokes ain't all bad. Don't jump on my case 'cause I git my shit together in the dirt and not on asphalt. Give us credit for the skill it takes to fly in the fields and streams. Most of you dudes couldn't

Here's some Trash for ya

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — like his Christmas cards — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now

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Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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even stay on a tricked-out Jap mud flinger. We do 80 miles of bad road before breakfast every Sunday. Just remember we're all bike lovers under the skin. Our scooters look different, but you hit as many trees as we hit and your chop would look bad too. But I do miss those tits in my back.

Fuzz-Ukl
Detroit, Mich.

Wrench Twisters

☐ Can't believe there are so many chicks smart enough to twist a wrench. I could dig puttin' with one of 'em. Her chop or mine. I'm interested.

Bob Campbell
P. O. Box 831
Warden, Wash. 98857

Second Place

☐ I want to say I've known a lot of bikers, and I want to tell all the chicks who get pissed off if they have to take second place to their dude's bike that they'd better cool it, because that's the fastest way to lose him.

Sunshine
El Paso, Tex.

Unafraid Woman

☐ I think it's about time a woman wrote in who is not afraid to be as human as she claims her man is.

How would it sound if a man were saying this: "I don't mind being No. 2 with my ol' lady 'cause her Harley can give her something I can't." Or, "Don't worry if your ol' lady cheats on you. She's only human, and she'll always come home to you." If a guy said that, you'd think he was nuts. He wouldn't sound human—and neither do these chicks. I know my man loves his Harley but he also loves me. They are two **different kinds** of love. He couldn't put me before his bike or his bike before me unless his Harley and I were both machines or both people. His Harley **can** give him something I can't, but I can give him something his Harley **can't.** Now do ya see how different they are and why you shouldn't confuse or even compare them, you dumb chicks? I never nag my man either, but I'm not about to put up with him cheating on me. See, I'm also human, and it **hurts.** If I can be faithful, so can he, or he can find someone else. And just as he can have his pick, so can I, 'cause I'm a righteous ol' lady and proud of it. I love being a woman, but I also love being a person.

Tom's Ol' Lady
Bayonne, New Jersey

Bad Bet

☐ I made a bet with some chumps, and I say the chick illustrating the article "Second to Ms. H-D" is the same chick in "Easyriders' sure-fire way to keep your scoot from being ripped off." (The one second from the right.) Was I right?

Jeff Donozhue
Southgate, Mich.

■ You lost.

A Big Gripe

☐ I've got a big gripe for ya. Why in hell is it that every time I open your rag there's well-built cunts all over the place? What's wrong with bitches like Mutha and myself who are bestowed with kinda big asses? I'm a club mama and they like me this way.

Big Mama
Richmond, Va.

■ Big mamas of the world —send us some photos!

Thanks A Lot

☐ I was gonna mail ya a joint but I smoked it while I was writin' this. Just thought ya might dig knowin' it was good shit.

Half-Breed
Mansfield, Ohio

Who Cares?

☐ What's all this cheap shit you've been printing in Wordmonger lately? Who the fuck cares about women's lib? This is a biker's rag, but it's beginning to read like a continued soap opera.

Motor Mouth's Ol' Lady
Spokane, Washington

Tired of Put-Downs

☐ It's about fuckin' time somebody said it: In the article on Dick Betchkal's Trident, Renegade said, "Brothers . . . will build scooters the way they please, whether it be a radical chop, stocker, rat, cafe racer, fatbob, stoplight drag machine, or restored old-timer . . . and no magazine or manufacturer will ever tell them how it's gonna be."

I've got a cafe racer, a sidecar, and a chopper. I'm getting tired of being put down by the various factions of motorcycling because of what I happen to be on at the time. Thanks, Renegade and **Easyriders.**

J. R.
Canoga Park, Calif.

KKK Trip?

☐ I was on the verge of subscribing to your rag (?) until I happened to turn to page 74 of your December issue and dug this racist advertisement of White Power T-shirts! Man, what kind of shit is that to put in an otherwise heavy magazine? I thought that shit played out with upsweep pipes and six-foot-high sissy bars.

You dudes should lay back and take on a rolled one, sip on a cold one, and take a good inventory on where your heads are really at. If the KKK is your trip, then come on out and say it, but don't use the word brother in your vocabulary again. Because to me a brother biker is without color. We are basically facing the same hassles every day no matter if we are bla~k, white, oriental, or chicano. We all have one thing in common—we live to ride and ride to live.

Spiderman & Sundance
Bloodstone M/C
Los Angeles, Calif.

Thanks A Lot

☐ You assholes really fucked up when you increased your price. My ol' lady found out how much I was paying and started using Kotex again. Thanks a lot, dumbfucks!

R. L. S.
Ocqueoc, Mich.

Canadian Brother

☐ I like your ABATE section; I like to keep up with the legislative battles of my bike brothers to the south, 'cause sooner or later it's monkey see, monkey do, for us up here. Especially if it's restrictive or oppressive—which just proves that assholism is universal.

George Ellis
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Almost Right

☐ My guess for the distance between the center line of the front axle and

A Man-sized Beer Mug!

Holds a half quart and weighs 1½ lbs!

Here's a man-sized beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white—it's a bitchin lookin' mug. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

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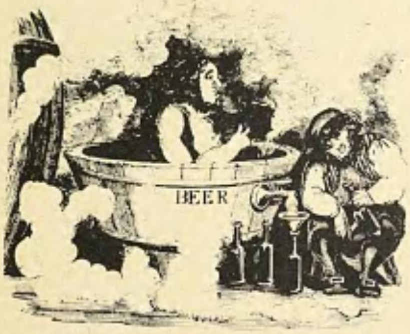

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Wine, beer, cider, fruit wines, etc.

Other wine and brew "paraphernalia" brochure available with each kit.

Send coupon and check or money order to Sandy with the purple feet from stomping grapes.

*You supply the 5 gallon jug, women and song. We will supply you with everything you need to start and how-to recipes.

$9.50 *5 gallon Starter Kit*

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I want to order:

☐ 5 gallon BEER KIT $9.50 ☐ 5 gallon WINE KIT $9.50

Includes tax and handling.

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State __________ Zip __________

You must be 21 to order kits.

the rear axle is: 17,465 feet.

F. Mangione
Troy, New York

■ The distance was 26-1/32 inches and, as announced in the last issue, the metal art contest was won by R. A. Courtwright, New Egypt, New Jersey.

Success!

☐ We finally got a store here to carry your rag. Believe me, it wasn't easy to find it until we got this local store to sell it.

Viking
Streamwood, Ill.

Colorado Demonstration

☐ All you brothers in Colorado! I don't know about you, but I'm sick and tired of being forced to wear a helmet so I can protect myself. I'm even more pissed off on just sitting on my ass and not doing anything about it. Let's all get together in force and show these educated idiots in Congress that we're fed up with their shit.

We want to organize a state-wide demonstration and truck into Denver and come face to face with these so-called lawmakers. Let them know that 'Helmet Laws Suck.' Other states have done it and there's no reason why the brotherhood in Colorado can't do the same.

Let's get organized this winter and make some plans. If we can get a couple thousand bikers and go park ourselves at the state capitol, somebody is going to have to listen.

Send us your ideas and we'll get together and make some positive vibes. If we don't do it now, we'll never do it.

Cary W. Kelly
1212 Butte Rd. #8
Loveland, Colorado 80537

"That's Not Me!"

☐ My ol' man has flipped out! He cops an issue of your December '74 rag, opens to page 42, and finds me packing on the back of a chopper. But that chick is not me!

My ol' man is filing for divorce if I can't prove it's not me.

Enclosed is a picture of me to show the resemblance. We look like fucking twins! Please send me more information and another picture to give my ol' man.

Judy
Lynchburg, Va.

■ We swear on a stack of Harley manuals that it wasn't you. Besides, Spider said you were with him.

Feeling of Freedom

☐ I was fingering through the latest issue of your mag and decided to tell you what **Easyriders** does to me. It gives me a feeling of freedom, like puttin', puffin', and fuckin' on a righteous day!

Ed
El Monte, Calif.

Texas Harassment

☐ Us bikers in Texas refer to the bullshit police harassment as "being ugly in a no ugly zone."

Range
Dallas, Texas

Our Printer Goofed!

☐ I generally don't write to magazines, even great ones like yours. At least I thought it was great until I received my January issue.

Dig this: Page 12 is where page 35 should be. Page 8 is where page 32 should be. Likewise with pages 11, 34, etc. For Chrissake, page 53 is where page 77 should be! There isn't even a page 77!

So, I get into my pickup and drive back to exchange it and guess what! All the other copies were the same, and the bastard wouldn't give me my friggin' money back!

So, could you tell the printers to lay off the juice and smokes long enough to put a magazine together? And maybe send me a copy that isn't all fucked up?

Bones
Tulsa, Okla.

No Fiction

☐ How about cutting out the chickenshit fiction, man? That's for comic books, and bikes are serious shit. Another thing, if some dude buys your book just to look at some chicky with no clothes on, he's in the wrong section of the mag rack. So let's get down to bikes and stop messin' around.

Rick
Carson City, Nev.

■ Stuff it.

Good Question

☐ Did President Nixon pass the Loyalty Quiz in the December issue?

Mary Shuhon
Chicago, Ill.

■ Fortunately for him, Presidents don't have to. (And of course, a person taking the test would have to tell the truth.)

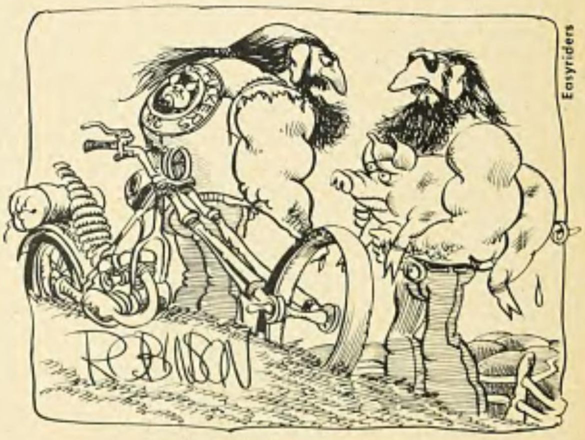
Hard To Get

☐ How come your mag is so hard to get in Germany? It's the only piece of sanity here in Krautland.

Charles Zeestraten
APO New York

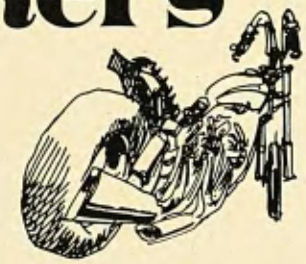
■ It sells out fast—everywhere.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■



"Bullshit—I'm not going for any sloppy seconds!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Big Brother again . . .

In spite of a lobbying effort by the legislative staff of the American Motorcycle Association which forestalled statewide lights-on legislation in Ohio, recent developments in Toledo are being considered a setback in this area of motorcycle legislation.

At issue is a newly enacted city ordinance making it mandatory for motorcyclists to burn headlights within the city limits at all times. The measure was approved by Toledo's city council over the objections of a large number of Toledo area motorcyclists.

According to Toledo Mayor Harry Kessler, the council voted to side with "the will of the majority" in approving the measure. Just what "majority" Kessler referred to was unclear, however, since the opposition expressed graphically demonstrated that the majority of Toledo's motorcyclists opposed the measure.

—*AMA News*

And again . . .

Emission controls for motorcycles are coming, and 1976 looks to be the year. We believe that motorcyclists should do their share to protect the environment. We also believe that motorcycle engineers, like automotive engineers, will be unable to both adapt emissions equipment and maintain current levels of performance and rideability. So if you really want a neat, traditional, high-performance motorcycle, better get one in 1975. Because 1976 may be too late.

—Cook Neilson
Cycle Magazine

End of Triumph?

The British Government's withdrawal of $20 million exports guarantee to Norton Villiers Triumph means that the future of the company is virtually in the Government's hands.

That shock news broke this week as NVT announced a trading loss for 1974 of over $8 million and, almost simultaneously, British Industry Secretary, Mr. Anthony Wedgewood-Benn, withdrew the export guarantee.

—*Motorcycle Weekly*

King Kong rides again . . .

Riding the big Harley Davidson FLH 1200 is like putting a saddle on a dragon. The rider's head immediately grows two sizes larger. Horns sprout from his helmet. He's king of the road. He's invincible!

That's the way it is, at least, if you like the head trip which the Harley offers. It is a head trip much more than a body trip. Straddling that big saddle, feeling and hearing that unique rumbling exhaust is the living example to Harley enthusiasts of that well-worn bumper sticker, "Put Something Exciting Between Your Legs."

But . . . running boards? (Harley calls 'em footrests.) The owner of a quick, smooth and agile (and 250 pounds lighter) Japanese 750 or 900 wonders what it's all about. His bike will outperform, outhandle and generally dance circles around the FLH.

What it comes down to is the Harley mystique. Either you dig it or you don't. If you do, mounting that machine transforms Mr. Skinny into King Kong. No wonder the cops for so many years were buying this machine almost exclusively. It must do a real number for self-confidence when confronted by an irate motorist.

—Bill Estes
Rider Magazine

Biker fable?

For your "it probably never happened" file we submit the following — just one of the many variations on the same basic fable currently popular among bikers. This one tells of an elderly woman driver who stopped her automobile at a stop sign, then started to pull out in spite of the fact that a motorcycle officer approaching the intersection had the right of way. A passenger in the car warned the driver but she shrugged it off with a "Yeah, I see him" and pulled out directly in front of the bike cop. He was agile enough to avoid an accident and mad enough to do chase. He pulled her over and asked, "Didn't you see me?" She admitted she had. "Then why did you pull out right in front of me?" Her answer to that one is the clincher: "I didn't realize it was you, officer. I thought it was just some kid on a Honda."

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Out of the grime . . .

I shudder to think of what will happen to the custom bike if we are reluctant to grow up with it. The outside world is ready and willing to accept the custom bike and its builder as a recognized part of society. If we muff this chance to show the world that we do not think like the animal outlaw, that we can at least co-exist with ourself, we will likely not get another. If we don't accept all kinds of custom expression as having just as much right and legitimacy as any other, if we don't drop our outlaw kind of narrow thinking, the efforts of the Detroit show organizers, the offered hand of the Smithsonian, the recognition of the university art staff, and the opinion of the art critic will all be for nothing. The custom bike will fail to make it out of the grime the outlaw dragged it into. So far, we show an alarming willingness to live in the environment we inherited.

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Chopper

Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear.

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2⅛" in diameter, and almost ¼" thick.

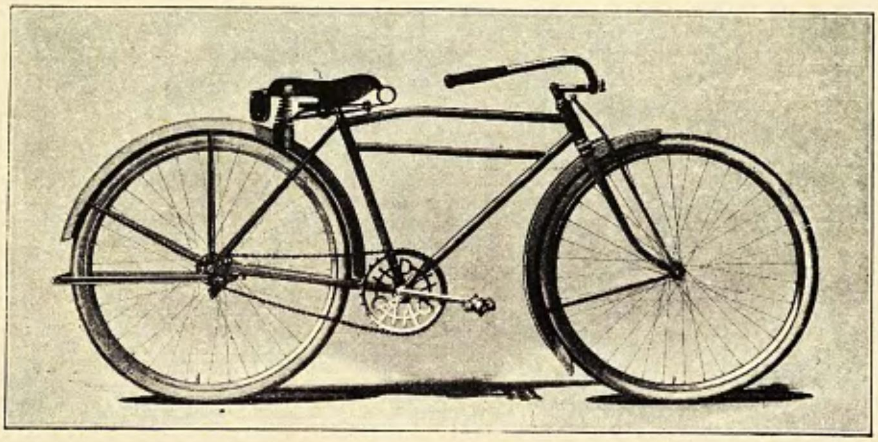
Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1¾" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

Send $12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740.



This model is equipped with Firestone non-skid black tread red side wall motorcycle fabric tires

And Now—A Harley-Davidson Bicycle

Beauty—of line and finish—dependability, balance and quality—all the experience-bought knowledge gained in more than fifteen years of high-grade motorcycle building, characterize the Harley-Davidson line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls. There are seven distinctive models. The

Harley-Davidson Bicycle

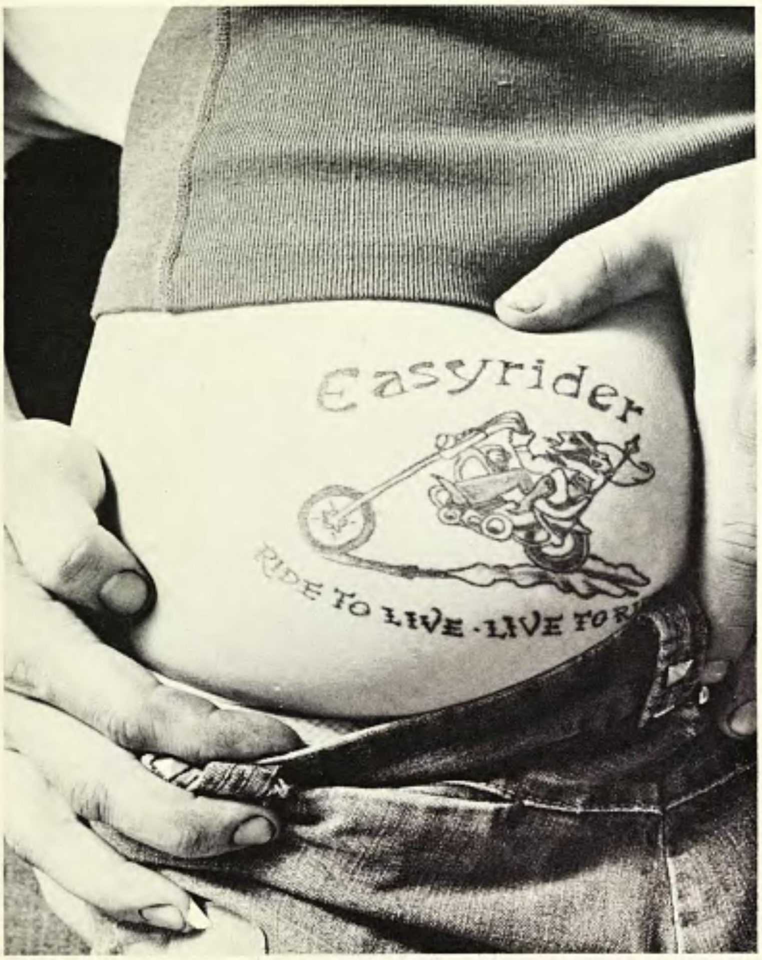
is a wheel you will be proud to ride. Like the motorcycle, it is finished in a beautiful military olive drab. It has finely adjusted steering head bearings, which with specially designed front forks provide unsurpassed light steering qualities.

Sturdy, balanced hangers and carefully ground bearings insure easy running. Rims, spokes, hubs, coaster brakes, saddles and tires are all of the same high quality that has helped the Harley-Davidson motorcycle to smash speed and endurance records year after year. And this bicycle is not high priced. Tremendous production enables us to sell Harley-Davidson bicycles at prices you might expect to pay for wheels possessing less merit. Don't be satisfied with any bicycle but a Harley-Davidson. See one at your dealers—write for descriptive literature.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY

Producers of High-Grade Motorcycles for More Than Fifteen Years

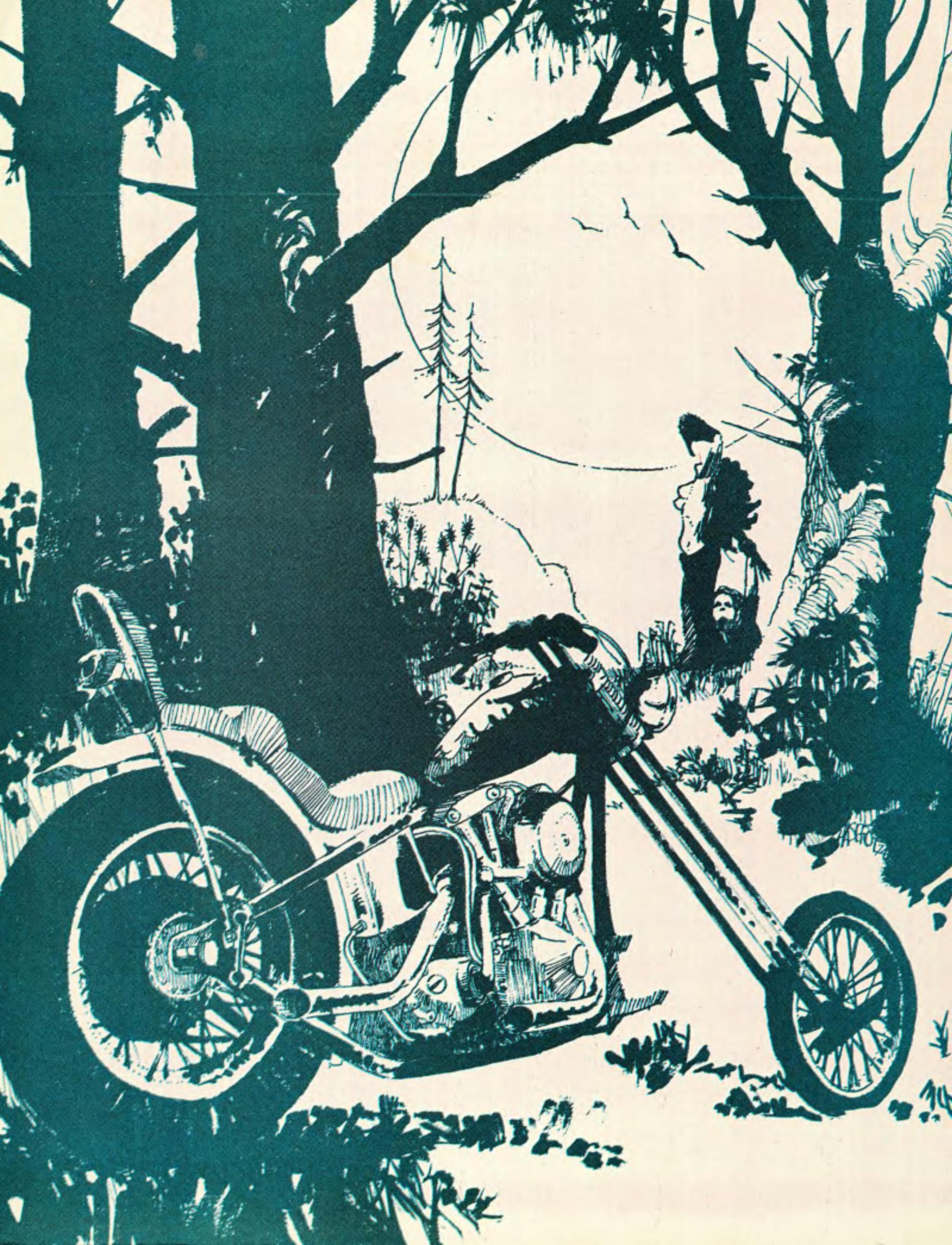
481 B Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.



About Our Cover Photo

That beautiful bun on the cover of this issue belongs to Kris Fenton. She was the chick who had our EASYRIDERS logo tattooed on her in issue number 26.

At the time we couldn't show you a finished photo of the tattoo, so we decided to wait until it had healed completely and then give you a Cinerama shot of it. So here it is. Nice, isn't it?



Tramp

By Larry (Rabbit) Cole

"Dad, what's so bad about being a biker?" He stood in the doorway of the garage with his fists clenched tight. There was blood on his face and he wiped at it with the back of one hand as he waited for an answer. The sunlight was shining in his long black hair and seemed to engulf him in its rays. There was a look of expectancy on his face. And I found myself looking at 85 pounds of fisted anger, who also was full of pride. Any parent can tell you that a serious question from a 12-year old has to be answered! Especially a proud one. And Tramp was proud, from his dirty levis with their Harley Wings, to his cut-offs with its "Budweiser Powered" patch on the back!

I still remember his standing up to the ol' lady and telling her, "I cut the sleeves off 'cause cutoffs ain't supposed to have sleeves! And if that means I get whipped, do it!"

The ol' lady whipped him and took the cutoffs. I came home from work, whipped the ol' lady, and gave Tramp his cutoffs back!

"Come on over and sit down, Tramp."

He crossed his legs and sat down in a yoga position on the floor next to me.

I was stalling. Trying to think of an answer, or an explanation to his question. He knew it, so he was quiet.

I picked up the half warm beer and took a long pull, then handed it to him. He took a drink, then frowned. "Panther piss," he muttered. "I'll get us a fresh one."

When he had resumed his position next to me, I busied myself rolling a joint and fired it into life.

"What happened, Tramp?"

"Billy Daniels, the newspaper kid. Me and him got into a fight." He fell silent.

"Wanta run the whole trip down?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Billy's dad told 'im not to have anything to do with me. He told 'im you had a prison record. That you were a biker. That bikers are a bunch of creeps that get their kicks outta ganging up on people. Shit like that."

"So you got into a fight because he wouldn't have anything to do with you?"

"Naw. I don't even like Billy!"

"Then how'd the fight start?"

"He started telling the rest of the kids in our class. Then he started teasing me about being a biker. I took it as long as I could, then I hit him in the teeth!" He clenched his hand into a fist again and fell silent.

"Sounds to me like it's Billy's old man who needs the ass-whipping."

He shook his head. "I don't think I could whip Billy's dad, so I whipped Billy!"

I laughed as the memories rushed in on me. Isolated incidents flooded my head. Like the night I got my scooter back together, after laying her down in a construction zone. I woke up in the middle of the night to the noise coming from the garage. A ripoff! Suddenly I was fully awake and grabbed the sawed-off shotgun from under the bed. I made my way quietly through the house. Easing open the door of the garage, I hit the light switch and jumped inside, shotgun ready! And there was Tramp. Sitting in his famous yogaposition, flashlight in hand, staring at the scooter. "I thought I heard a noise out here, dad," he explained. He was 10 then.

Or the time my mom said she was going to cut his hair because he looked too much like a girl with long hair. She was teasing him, but Tramp broke out of the house and hid in the park until I got home from work!

And Pecos. Big old Pecos, who didn't like kids. So he used to act mean in order to keep them away from him. For a long time Tramp took Pecos at his word and walked a wide path around him. Then came the day when he got tired of Pecos' game.

"Go get me a beer, kid," ordered Pecos, "or I'll kick your ass!"

I was about to pull Pecos up for that. President or not, I was a little tired of that bullshit myself! But Tramp saved me the trouble. Returning from the kitchen with the beer, he stood in front of Pecos and pulled the pop-top. Then before Pecos could react, he turned the can upside down, pouring the beer in his lap! Then, pointing his finger in Pecos' face, he screamed, "You don't scare me, you big sonofabitch!"

Pecos was stunned! He just sat there, with beer running off his grubs. Then he laughed. He threw back his massive head and roared.

—Continued on next page

—Illustration by Mac Haserot

When he finally caught his breath, he blurted out, "Now that's my kind of kid!"

He threw his arm around Tramp and pulled him close.

"Yessir! This is what a kid should be like!" He pointed a finger at Tramp and told him, "You're gonna be one hell of a scooter tramp when you get older! Fact is, I'm gonna nickname you The Tramp!" And that's how my son earned his name. The Harley wings were given to him by Pecos. And Tramp loved the patch!

Just as Tramp had often made me proud, he also had a knack for making me feel like an asshole too!

I was changing oil, points, plugs, shit like that, after a long run. Pecos was there, so was Lurch, and of course Tramp. He had learned the names of the tools and often stayed right there with me until I had to make him go to bed. Many times he swore he wasn't tired, only to fall asleep on the floor of the garage.

I had readjusted the carb and was taking it out for a test spin. Starting out, the knucklehead ran great. Then, as I shifted into second, it died! I checked a few things, tried it again, hit second; it died! I was a couple of blocks from the house, so I turned around and headed back. If this was something serious, I sure as hell didn't want to push that big mutha any farther than necessary!

Tramp came running down the street. As he got close, he asked, "What's wrong, dad?"

"I don't know. The sonofabitch keeps stalling on me!"

Tramp stood there a couple of minutes and to this day I swear he was waiting until Pecos and Lurch had walked into hearing range. Then he laid it on me.

"Uh, dad?"

"Don't bother me, Tramp!"

Silence. Pecos and Lurch walked up.

"Does it only do it when you get to second gear, dad?"

I was so goddam mad I just stared at him.

He went on, slowly, innocently, "If that's when it stalls, it's probably because that's the same time you put your right foot on the footpeg!"

I shook my head in disgust.

"Tramp, what the fuck has my foot on the footpeg got to do with the bike stalling?"

I'd taken the bait!

Lurch laughed!

Pecos laughed!

Tramp stood there looking innocent.

"Well," he said as last, "maybe when your right foot gets to the peg, your right pants leg gets sucked into the carb!"

Fuck! I'd forgotten about taking off the goddam carb cover!

If you ever meet my brother Pecos, I'll bet you a hundred to one that he tells you about the time my son "over-hauled" my scooter for me!

But probably the best memory of all was the day I was putting down the expressway and noticed a strange light in my mirror. Since I knew I didn't have a psychedelic mirror, I rightfully assumed that there was a cop behind me.

I shut the knucklehead down, so the cop wouldn't have to strain his voice in the face of my baffleless drag pipes.

"I wasn't speeding," I informed him as he approached.

"Nope."

"Well then, why did you pull me over?"

"The kid."

"The kid?"

"Yep, the kid."

Tramp was standing beside the scooter, eyes down. When Tramp puts his eyes down, you can damn well believe he's done something!

"I got a call from one of our units, heading in an easterly direction."

I stood there, staring at the cop, trying to figure out just how that leg-wetting fact had anything to do with me.

"The east-bound unit reported that the passenger on your vehicle had made an obscene gesture, evidently directed at them!" And, he went on,"this is in violation of certain laws. Now, since it's obviously a juvenile passenger, you, as the adult, are therefore responsible for his actions!"

I started talking, fast!

I assured the officer that there would be no repeat of the "gesture" or my passenger would have his ass set on fire!

"Goddam it, Tramp! There's some people you don't give the bird! One is a semi-truck and the other's a cop with a radio!"

"I meant to give him the peace sign, dad, but one finger got stuck!"

Sure it did, Tramp! Sure it did!

There's more,so many more. But you'd have to know Tramp, or been there to see it for yourself. Since I'm probably not a very good candidate for the "Father of the Year" award, it's a damn good thing I have the son of the year, every year!

Try as I might, no really suitable answer came to mind for Tramp's question. Only one thing to do, tell' im the truth. That it can't be put into words. You have to feel it. Believe in it. Share it. Live it. But most of all, you have to love it.

"Tramp, I gotta tell you the truth, son."

"I know, dad."

"Huh?"

"I know," he repeated. "You can't really answer the question, can you?"

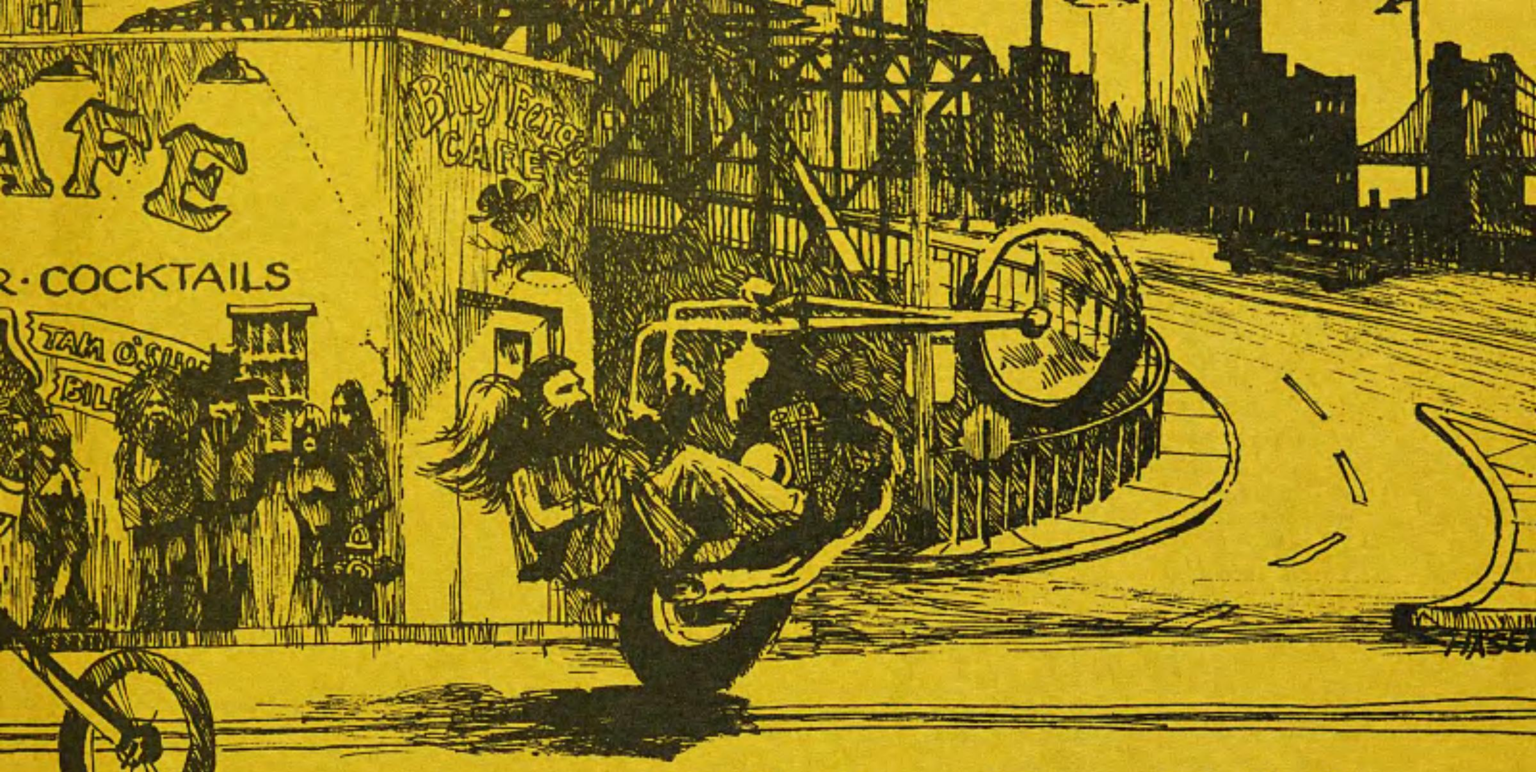
I didn't know what to say to that, either.

"It's okay, dad, really. I just thought that maybe if I could explain to Billy just what a biker is, it might save me another fight."

He shook his head and laughed. "But I guess I'd just meet another kid like Billy! Boy, what a dumb one he is!"

I laughed! I laughed from both relief and pride!

"Come on, son! What the hell we doing sitting here? Get the tools together! Get your ass in gear! I may not be able to explain to you what a biker is with words, but I can show them to you all day long! They're people! Our kind of people!" ■



This Is Life

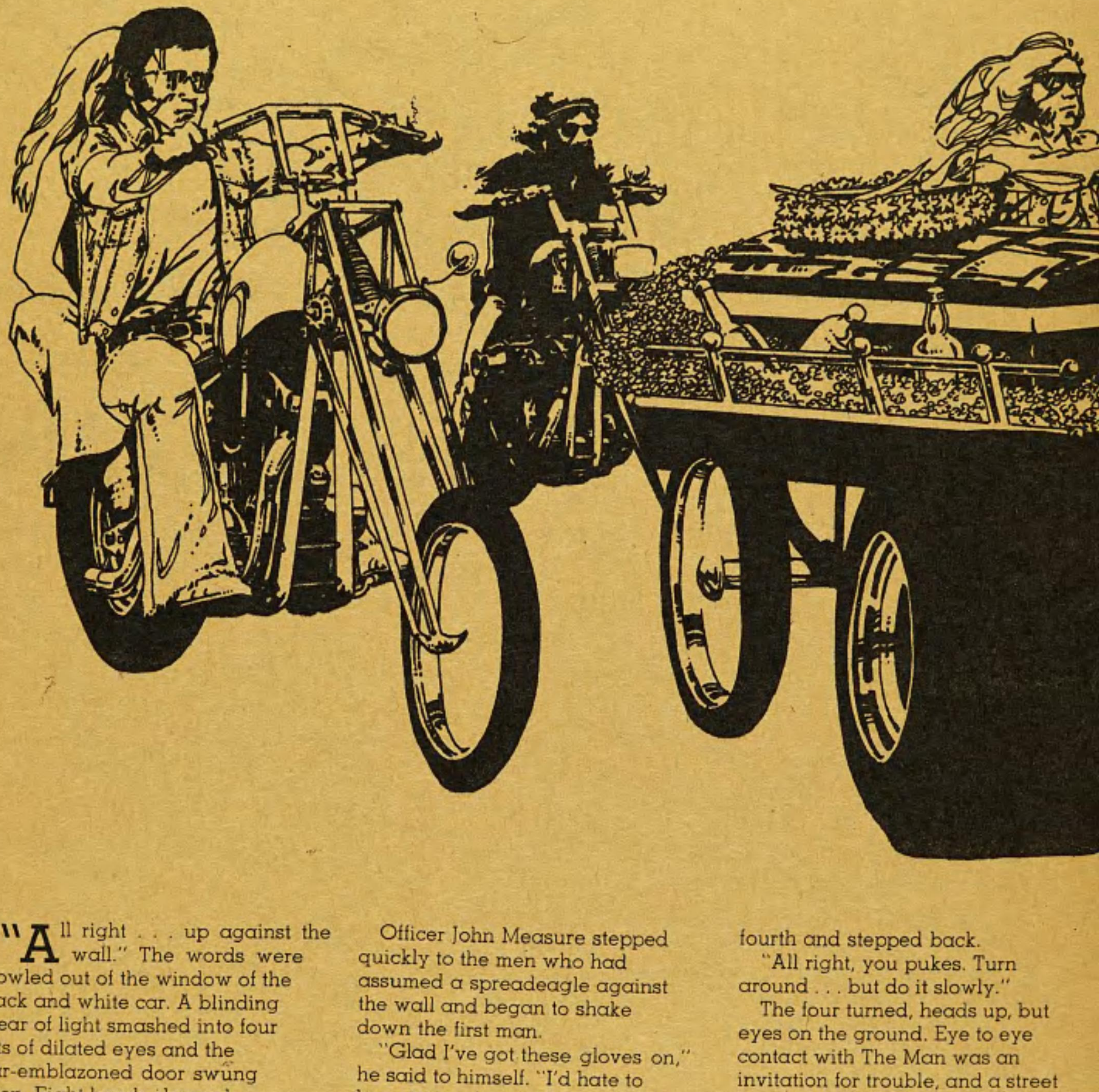
There was just a day, once. An ordinary day in mid-summer, the end of July. As I got off my bike, the sun blazed down on the fields of straw and grass, and it seemed as though the constant beating would instantly turn their leaves to brown; they would shrivel and die. The big oak tree across from where I was standing cast a shadow part-way across the field, cooling the entire heat of the day with its inviting appearance. I wandered slowly through the field toward the oak; the more I neared the tree the cooler the shade became and the nicer the day. Concentrating as I drew nearer, I spotted it! I bent over and picked the biggest piece of grass in the field. As my back felt the support of the oak, the leaf of grass found its way into my mouth. I sat there astounded by the peace and serenity I was coming to know. A gigantic white-gray cloud drifted overhead, grabbing my attention. How blue the sky is! This inspired my brain, and I began to make things and play games with the cloud while the wind changed its shape as it drifted silently by. As quick as it had changed before, my mind suddenly flashed back to the real reason I was here. I smiled to myself as I lit up and took the first toke. The second hit went in smoothly, and my mind began to space and ponder over the scene I was in. I really am a part of the earth; no more than the trees, the grass, the wind, the clouds. I was seeing a purpose to the life I live. The more I smoked the more my mind, my body, my life, me, flowed with the things around. I really am a part of this, and not an outcast as I thought before.

My life has changed drastically since that day. As I tripped from the shade of the oak, heading toward my 74, into the warmth of the day, across the green field, in the breeze, under the beautiful blue sky, I was arrested for possession, and am now serving 1 to 5 for my foul deed.

By Mike Sublet

—Illustration by Mac Haserot

"Welcome to hell!"



—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

"All right . . . up against the wall." The words were growled out of the window of the black and white car. A blinding spear of light smashed into four sets of dilated eyes and the star-emblazoned door swung open. Eight hands slapped against cold, red brick as the bikers assumed the position.

Clack . . . clack. The sound of a pump shotgun coughing a charge of double-ought into its chamber drowned out the humming city sounds. The blue steel barrel appeared across the roof along with sweeping bursts of red from the slowly revolving light.

Officer John Measure stepped quickly to the men who had assumed a spreadeagle against the wall and began to shake down the first man.

"Glad I've got these gloves on," he said to himself. "I'd hate to have to touch one of these filthy bastards with my bare hands."

"Don't move a muscle," he told Number One as he finished and moved to begin a pat-down of the second. The shakedown went smoothly and Measure paid scant attention to the men he had finished with, secure in the knowledge that his partner would keep the 12-gauge staring at the bikers. He finished with the fourth and stepped back.

"All right, you pukes. Turn around . . . but do it slowly."

The four turned, heads up, but eyes on the ground. Eye to eye contact with The Man was an invitation for trouble, and a street biker had enough trouble without inviting anything extra. They said nothing.

"Hey, Marsh. Come on around They're clean."

Officer Marshall slid around the nose of the patrol car, hands still fondling the steel and walnut Browning shotgun. The gaping maw at the end of the barrel never wavered from its sightless staring toward the possible targets.

By Hank Garrison

"Well, well, what do we have here?" The question and the tone of voice were produced by two years service in the old city cesspool of a jail where Marshall had watched blue-clad men move in the endless, mindless action of trapped robots.

"Looks like we found four candidates for a bus ride. All right, you creeps, let's roll up the sleeves."

Number One began to unbutton the black sleeves. Number Two made two turns in his sleeve, and the trail of needle marks starting in the small veins of his inner wrist came into view.

The bloodshot eyes of the uniform-clad man shifted to Number Three and met a pair of solemn blue eyes.

"Fuck you." The words were soft, almost uncaring in tone and spoken in a matter-of-fact semi-bass voice.

The words were like a slap, or a glass of ice water in the face while lying between warm blankets on a cold winter morning. The cop was used to something else from one he suspected of being a street hype—hypes had a sort of gutless, silent pleading to escape the 72-hour merry-go-round of a mark's booking and the gut-wrenching bone-grinding of the withdrawals that went with 72 hours without the sting of a dull, throwaway '26. The attitude of the bikers was different, and the cop felt a tiny lift of the short hair at the back of his neck.

For seconds the two looked at each other, their eyes locked—not like those of the hunter and the hunted, but like the eyes of two gladiators ready for combat

—Continued on page 66

Silly Tilly

Heard any good ones lately? Well, clean 'em up a little and send them to Silly Tilly, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. She'll pay $10 for every one she uses.

The biker's bike broke down so he had to take a train home. He sat down next to a huge fat lady. Before long the fat lady ripped off a big, eye-burning, drawers-browning fart. The biker held his breath, but said nothing.

She got a little embarrassed when she saw his eyes watering, and tried to strike up a conversation. "Young man," she said, "do you have a copy of the evening paper?"

"No, I don't," said the biker, "but the next time the conductor goes by I'll grab ya a handful of ticket stubs—will that help?"

—E. Jones
Staunton, Va.

Two dipshits were approached by a whore and asked if they wanted to ball. Of course they did, but before she allowed them to stick it to her, she made them put on rubbers. "You gotta wear these," she said; "I don't want to get pregnant."

The next day the two dipshits ran into each other at a local hangout. "Hey, man," one yelled to the other, "do you care if that old whore gets pregnant?"

"Hell no."

"Well, shit, man, let's take off these rubbers. I gotta piss."

—Richard Pattin
Jamestown, Pa.

This biker walked into a respectable joint, sat down on a stool, ripped a loud fart, and ordered a brew.

A straight dude and his wife were sitting next to him. The dude frowned and said, "I think it's terrible, you farting before my wife."

The biker turned. "Hey, sorry, man, I didn't know it was her turn."

—Robert Mayne
Tallahassee, Fla.

Did you hear about the mama nicknamed "Rooster"? It seems that she's up at dawn on every run, crowing, "Any cock'll do!"

—Willy Senkiwsky
Hastings, N.Y.

When asked, "How do you hold your liquor?" the biker answered, "By the ears."

—Jesi Lant
Canon City, Colo.

Sign on abortion clinic:

You rape 'em, we scrape 'em. No fetus can beat us.

—David White
Seattle, Wash.

Representatives of the local school board were calling on a biker's pad to see about putting one of his rug rats into school.

As they were talking, a two-year-old was crawling around on the floor going "woof-woof" and "meow-meow." The school board officials were impressed. One of them said, "Oh, isn't that cute." Then she asked the kid if he knew what cows said.

The kid answered, "Moo-moo."

Really getting off on it, the official then asked, "And what do the pigs say?"

The kid looked up at her, thought for a moment, then answered, "Up against the wall, muthafucker!"

—Pappy
Barley, Iowa

A little kid held a frog in his hand and was talking to it. "Frog, I'm gonna break your leg—maybe I'll even break your neck."

He didn't notice the cop standing behind him, listening. Suddenly the cop said. "Whatever you do to that frog I'm gonna do to you."

The kid looked up at the cop, then back at the frog and smiled. "Frog, this is your lucky day—I'm gonna kiss your ass!"

—Pat Burch
Suncook, N.H.

A biker's ol' lady met the mailman at the door one cold December morning and invited him in for coffee. She was wearing one of her slinkiest negligees and proceeded to seduce him.

After she had balled the ass off him, she took out her pocketbook and handed him a dollar bill. The surprised mailman said, "I can't take that money. You've given me coffee and balled me, now you want to give me money. I really can't accept it."

The biker's ol' lady said, "You gotta take it or my ol' man will be pissed!"

"Why will your ol' man be pissed?" asked the mailman. "Well," said the chick, "I asked him what should I give the mailman for Christmas, and he said, 'Fuck him, give him a dollar!'"

—C. Matero
Bernardsville, N.J.

A farmer was trying to sell his cow to a biker.

"How much, man?"

"Five hundred."

"Whatta ya think I am," asked the biker, "some kind of a duck? I wouldn't pay five hundred bucks for that stinkin' cow."

"But," the farmer protested, "this cow is special—it's got a pussy like a woman."

"Shit, that ain't nothin'. My ol' lady's got a pussy like a cow's and it ain't worth shit."

—T. H.
Calabasas, Calif.

1st biker: "Hey, man, what do you and your ol' lady do for kicks? Me and mine have reached like dullsville."

2nd biker: "Why don't you try playin' hell? First, you strip your ol' lady and have her stand on your bike facin' a tree. Then you nail her tits to the tree."

1st biker: "That's how you play hell?"

2nd biker: "No, it's when you ride the bike out from under her. Then you've really played hell!

—W. John Conley
Lucasville, Ohio

A sodbuster in Missouri called up the sheriff and informed him that he had just run over six scooter tramps and that the sheriff could come see about them if he wanted to. When the sheriff showed up about three hours later, he asked the sodbuster where the scooter tramps were. "I thought you wouldn't want to bother with 'em," he said, "so I just went ahead and buried 'em."

"You buried them? Was they all dead?"

"Wal," the sodbuster drawled, "they said they wasn't, but you know how them cycle tramps lie."

—J. L.
Ionia, Mich.

Fed up with the hassles of city life, this dude decided to move into northern Alaska, where he made a living trapping furs. After six months of trapping, he wandered into town to sell the furs, and stopped in at the local bar for a brew before going back into the woods. In a conversation with the bartender he mentioned that he hadn't seen any female types around the town. "Oh, we don't have any," the barkeep informed him.

"Damn, what do you do then?"

"Oh, we've got old Harry over there," the bartender replied, indicating a husky-looking dude sitting in the corner.

"Oh no!" the dude replied, disgusted. "I don't play that shit!" With that he stormed out of the bar.

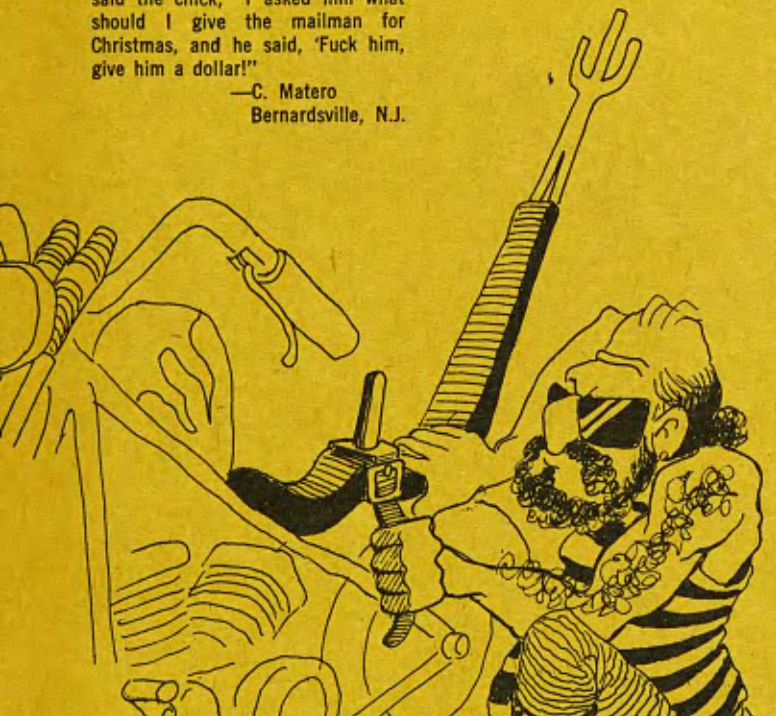
Six months later, he again returned to the bar after selling his furs, and got into a conversation with the same bartender. "Say," he said, somewhat shyly, eyeing old Harry, "if I was to have a go at it with old Harry over there, who all would have to know about it?"

"Well," the bartender replied, scratching his head, "there would be me, and you, and old Harry . . . and the three guys that hold old Harry down."

"What? Why does it take three guys to hold old Harry down?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Old Harry don't play that shit either!"

—J. L.
Ionia, Mich.



This spaced-out biker was puttin' down the street with a duck under his arm when a cop pulled him over and told him to take the duck to the zoo.

The next day the same biker was just as wasted and was puttin' down the same street when the same cop pulled him over. "I thought I told you to take that duck to the zoo," the cop growled.

The biker grinned. "I did—and today I'm taking him to a baseball game."

—Bill Maxwell
Cleveland, Ohio

Getting Off

When I had a two-stroke I used to actually climax when I heard the roar from my expansion chamber—wow, what a rush! But then I switched to a Hog—and that low, powerful rumble doesn't do it for me.

Dicky
Seattle, Wash.

● Does your mommy know you're writing to a tramp like me?

Something Is Wrong

I don't know what the problem is, but I know something is wrong. You see, my crank smells. What would make a crank smell?

Bull
Glendale, Ariz.

● You really should rinse it off now and then—at least after every third or fourth broad, dude, or whatever.

Technical Question

We were wondering what part of the chopper you get off on most.

Sweet Meat
Wurzburg, Germany

● I really dug on sissybars until I accidently backed up against a hot exhaust pipe.

Question:

I have one question: What in hell is a #10 envelope?

Bob Runyon
Lebanon, Ohio

● It's the size of a business envelope. Any mail you'd get from a business firm would be in a #10 envelope. If you send in a too-small envelope, we have to mangle my sweet little picture to get it in—and you don't want to mangle me, do ya?

Someone Else Answers

In answer to the dude from Piqua, Ohio, any real dude knows that the angle of the dangle is directly proportional to the heat of the meat, but varies inversely with the gnaw of the jaw or the split of the clit.

Dusty
Panzerkaserne, Germany

First In Line?

Mutha, dear Mutha, I want to be first to ball you in your armpit. Please give me the word.

Hung-up
Carson City, Nev.

● Well, you see, when I was a little girl, and dumb, I was afraid of getting knocked up—so I let the guys do other things—first.

Strange Request

You may think I'm a bit unusual, but I would like you to send me all of your used tampons.

Terry
Millington, Tenn.

● Sorry to disappoint ya, Terry, but I've had all my plumbing taken out.

And Another One

We would like to make a special stew for our prospects to eat. Would you send us a pair of your soiled panties so we can throw them into the pot?

Zit Face
Bogue Rapids, Mich.

● What panties?

Head Mann

Because Dave Mann is such a great artist, I think you should give him a good head job.

Funky
Pendleton, Ind.

● I'd give him good head just because he's a he—who needs another reason?

No Boys

I'm in the Louisiana Pen and I'm horny as hell, but all they have around here is three-legged chicks. I don't go the boy route yet. How about sending me your picture and maybe that'll drive me to them.

TeJohn
Louisiana

● You meant **in** them.

Which Are You?

My ol' lady says you're nothin' but an old scooter tramp. I say you're a street fox. Who's right?

Priest
Coeur D'Alene, Id.

● I've been called both a tramp and a fox. It depends on who's saying it, my mother or some sex-crazed biker.

Go, Go, Go

I dove on my ol' lady last night for the first time. I didn't realize until I'd finished that I'd ringed her instead. What do you think of a bitch who wouldn't tell a dude that he'd missed the mark?

Foul Mouth
APO, N.Y.

● Quit bitchin'—that's considered a fringe benefit.

Do What You Have To

How can I put a stop to gettin' a hardon every time I see my buddy's foxy ol' lady?

Joe Pig
Boston, Mass.

● Snuff him.

A New Cure

I got rid of a bad case of nerds and I thought I'd tell you about it in case you should catch them. A nerd is a critter that lives in your nose and only comes out and swings on your mustache (or nose hair if you don't have a mustache) when you get good and high on pot.

They don't like to be picked or poked; they will get angry and bite or scratch.

The only sure cure is to shave all the hair off your entire body—inside the nose too—and then become a drill sergeant in the Salvation Army.

Nick
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

● Christ—you never know when you might need info like that!

That's Swingin'?

My chick lets me munch on her for hours on end, but when I want to ball her she keeps wanting to be et. I've got 4 inches of swingin' meat and know how to use it. What should I do?

Red
Pinehurst, N.C.

● Use it man, use it. Pound hell out of it.

True Love

After seeing the picture of you I have to tell you that I would crawl fifty miles over broken glass on my bare stomach just to throw rocks at the garbage truck that took away your rag.

Grem
Boonton, N.J.

Crotch Itch

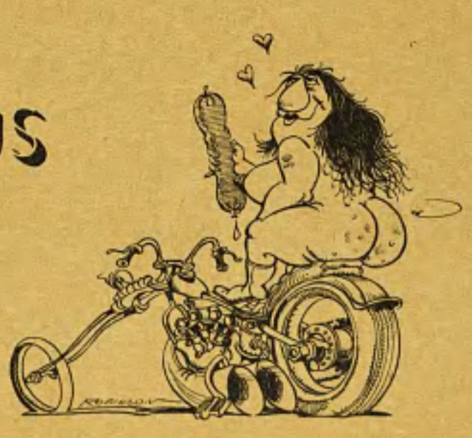
Mutha, I've got a king-sized case of the crotch itch. Have you ever had this problem?

Scratch
Dallas, Tex.

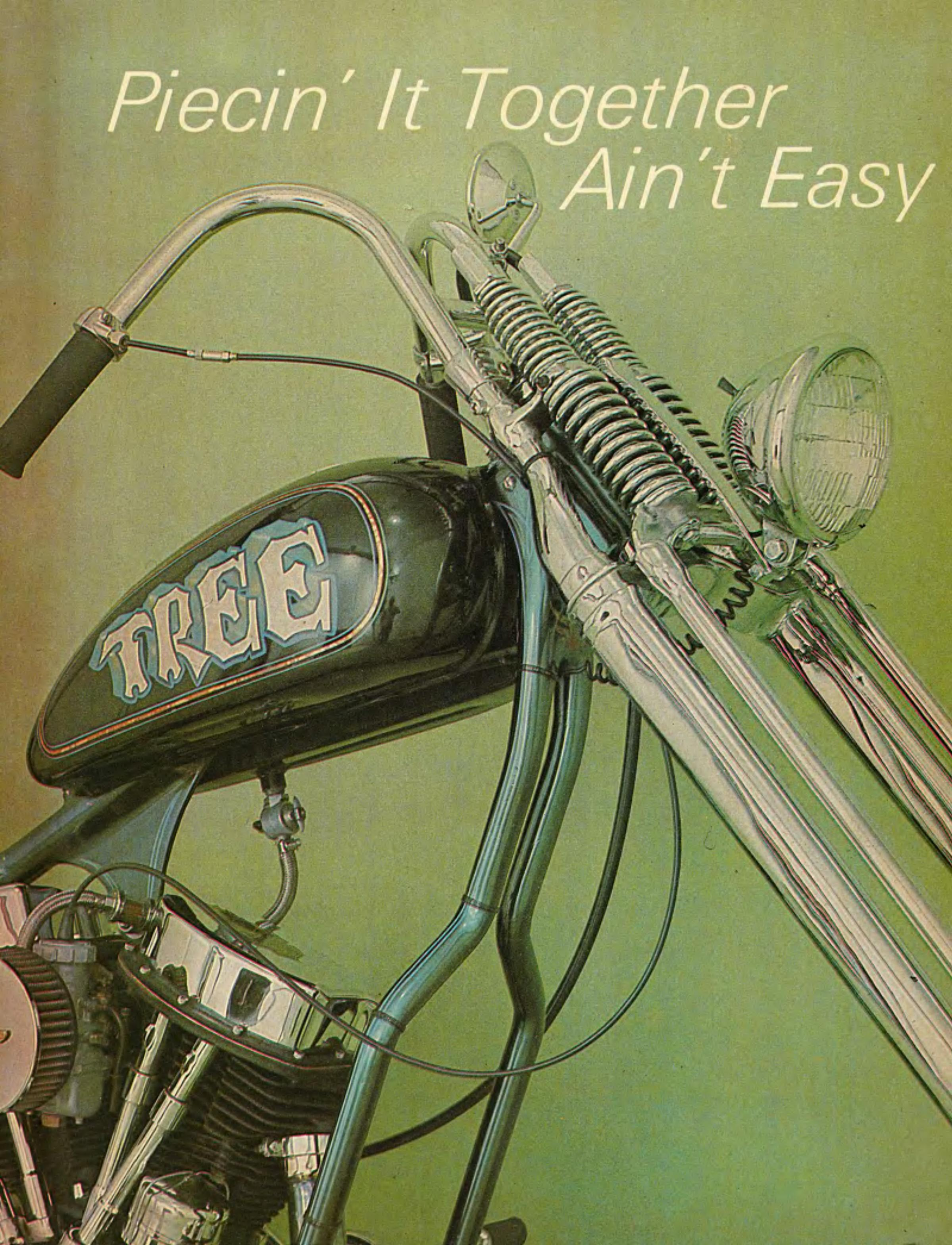
● I got a bad case of it in the nose once—had a helluva time gettin' rid of it.

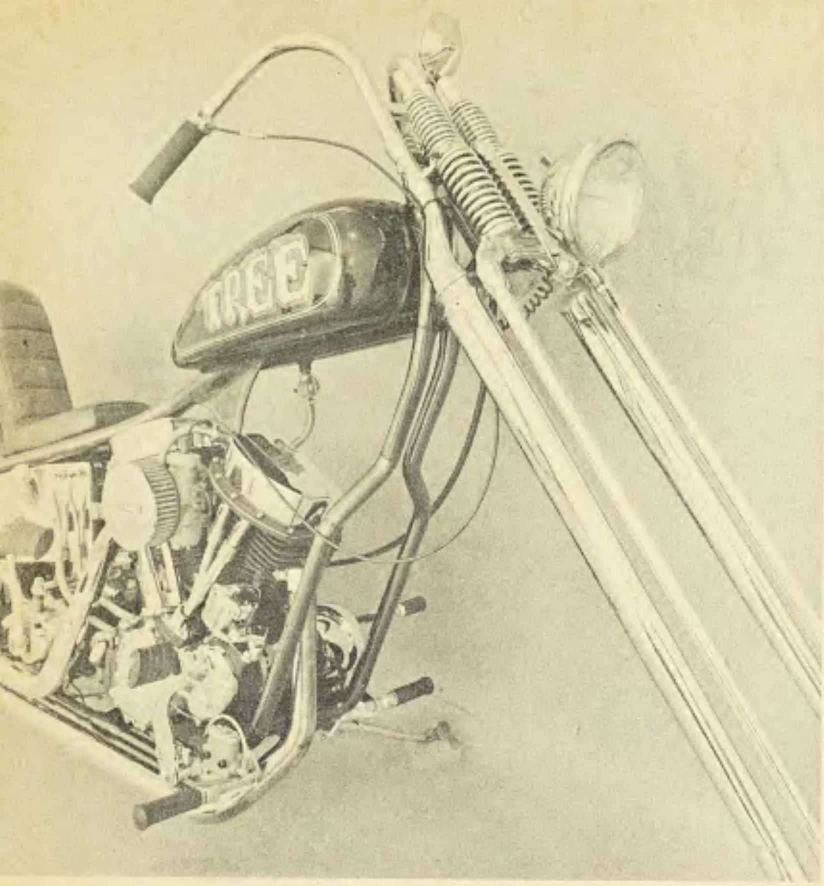
—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



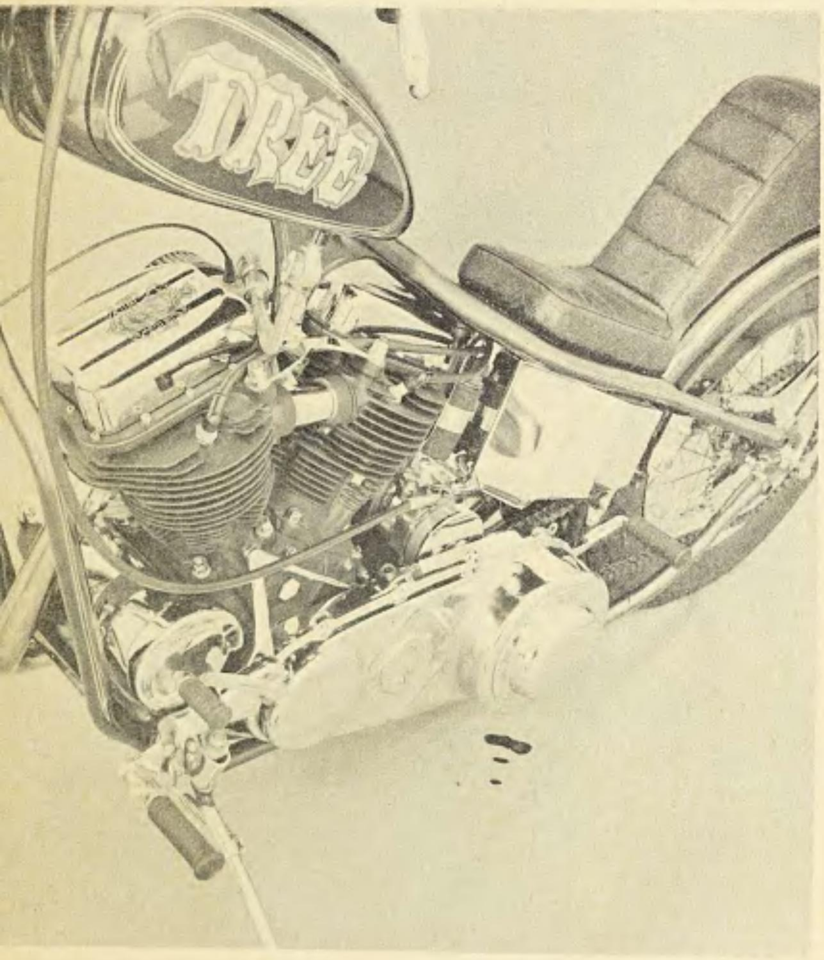
Piecin' It Together Ain't Easy





Everybody has a personal way of building scoots. Some cats start with a dresser or a cop sled. Some of us start with another dude's creation and alter it. But one of the most difficult ways of putting a scooter together is to buy the engine, new or used, and build up from there, 'cause in most cases finding all the little shit or the cost of each individual bracket and nut can really be a downer.

The owner of this pan, Howard Slayton, dreamed up the design for his monster, and then with the help of his partner Ross, started by picking up an engine and trans. Instead of buying every spoke and nipple new, Ross got in touch with all his contacts and started gathering the materials. I said materials because instead of putting the bucks out for a part and then bolting the dude on, they



TREE

TREE

Owner: Howard Slayton

City: East L.A., Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Ross
Year and make: 1958 H-D
Model: FL
Value: $4,000
Assembly by: Owner
Time: 3 months
Chroming by: Bronz-Way

Engine

Year: 1958
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Alphabet
Ignition: Distributor
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: Alphabet
Balancing: Rods, Lower end
Pistons: H-D
Cases: Black Wrinkle
Heads: Valves ground
Cam: FLH
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): Mikuni 38 mm
Air cleaner: Mikuni
Pipes: Cycle Seats
Muffler(s): Straight

Transmission

Modification: Rebuilt
Year: 1958
Shifting: Ratchet
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 26
Wheel sprocket: Stock

Painting

Molding: Owner
Painter: Ross
Color: Black with Pearl
Type: Acrylic Lacquer

Frame

Year: 1946 Knuckle
Builder: Owner and Ross
Type: Stretched rigid
Rake: 3/4 in.
Stretch: 10 in.
Other alterations: Rear stretched

Accessories

Bars: Pullbacks
Risers: None
Fender(s): Fatbob
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Square
Speedo: None
Front pegs: Super Glide Passenger
Rear pegs: Super Glide Passenger
Electrics: 6V, Triumph Battery
Gas Tank: Super Glide
Oil Tank: Cycle Seats Custom
Oil system: Braided Lines
Primary cover: Stock
Seat: Owner designed—Cycle Seats
Sissy bar: Ross
Height: 30 in. above Fender
Material: 1" x 1 1/4" Plate

Forks

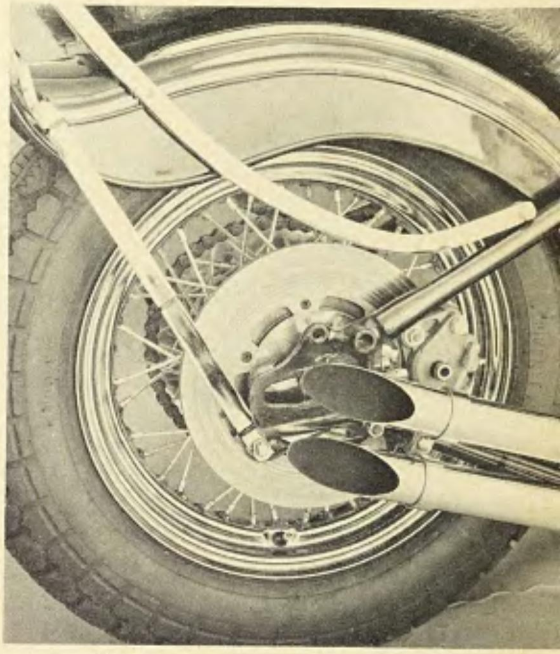
Type: Springer
Extension: 20 in. over
Builder: H-D and Ross
Special features: Bars to fit in forks

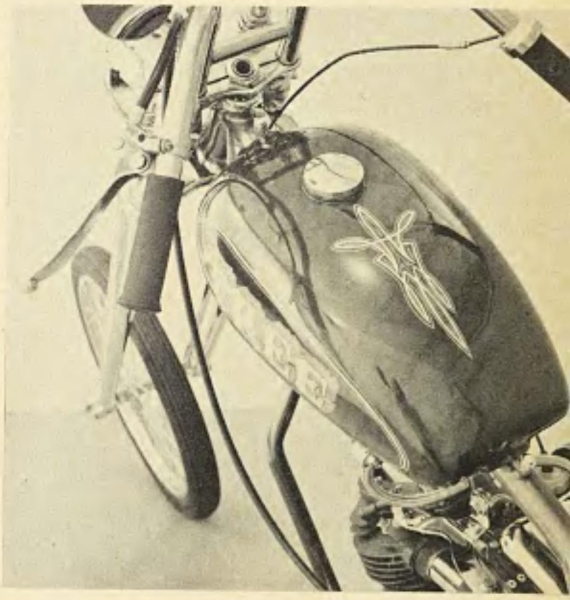
Wheels

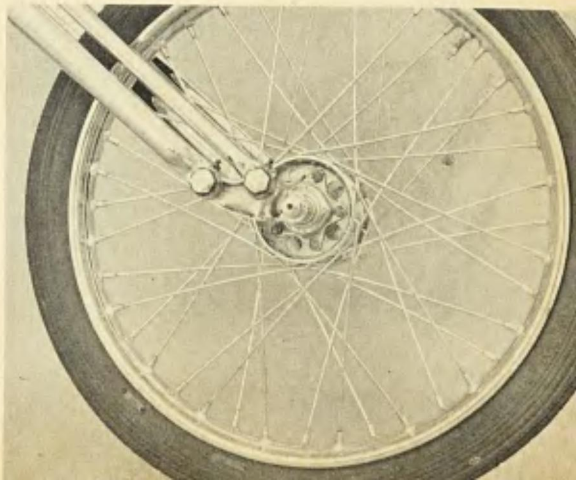
Front	Rear
Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: Stock	Hub: Mach. Perform.
Rim width:	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 2.75	Tire: 5.00 Pirelli
Brake: None	Brake: Disc

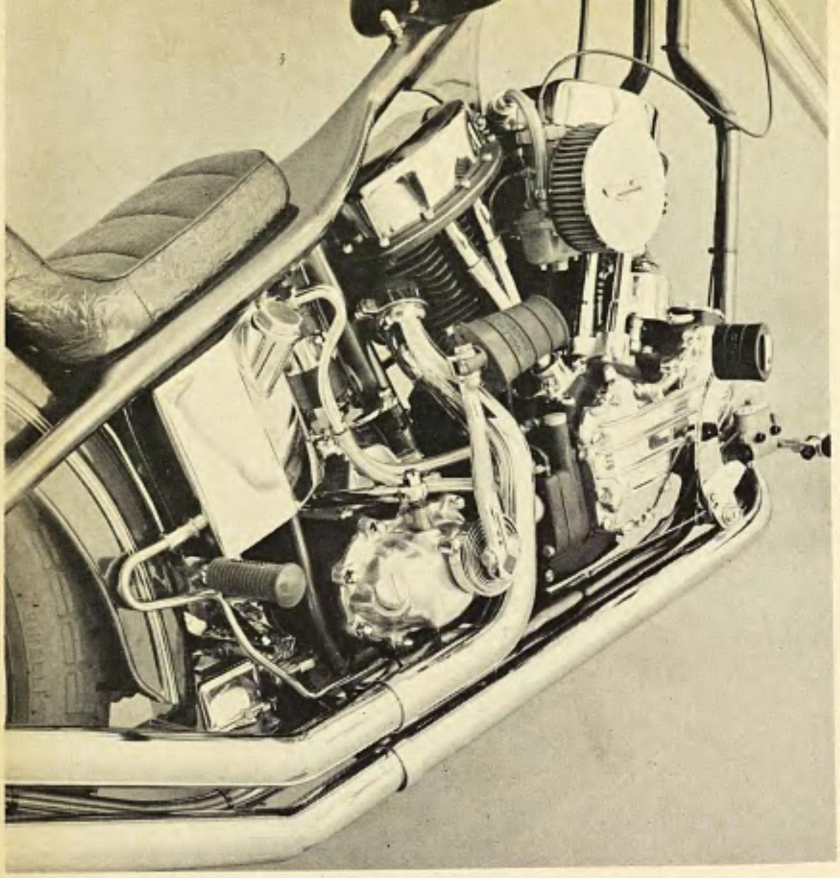
Special paint: Dave of Crazy Painters

Other special modifications: Late model oil pump on panhead lower.



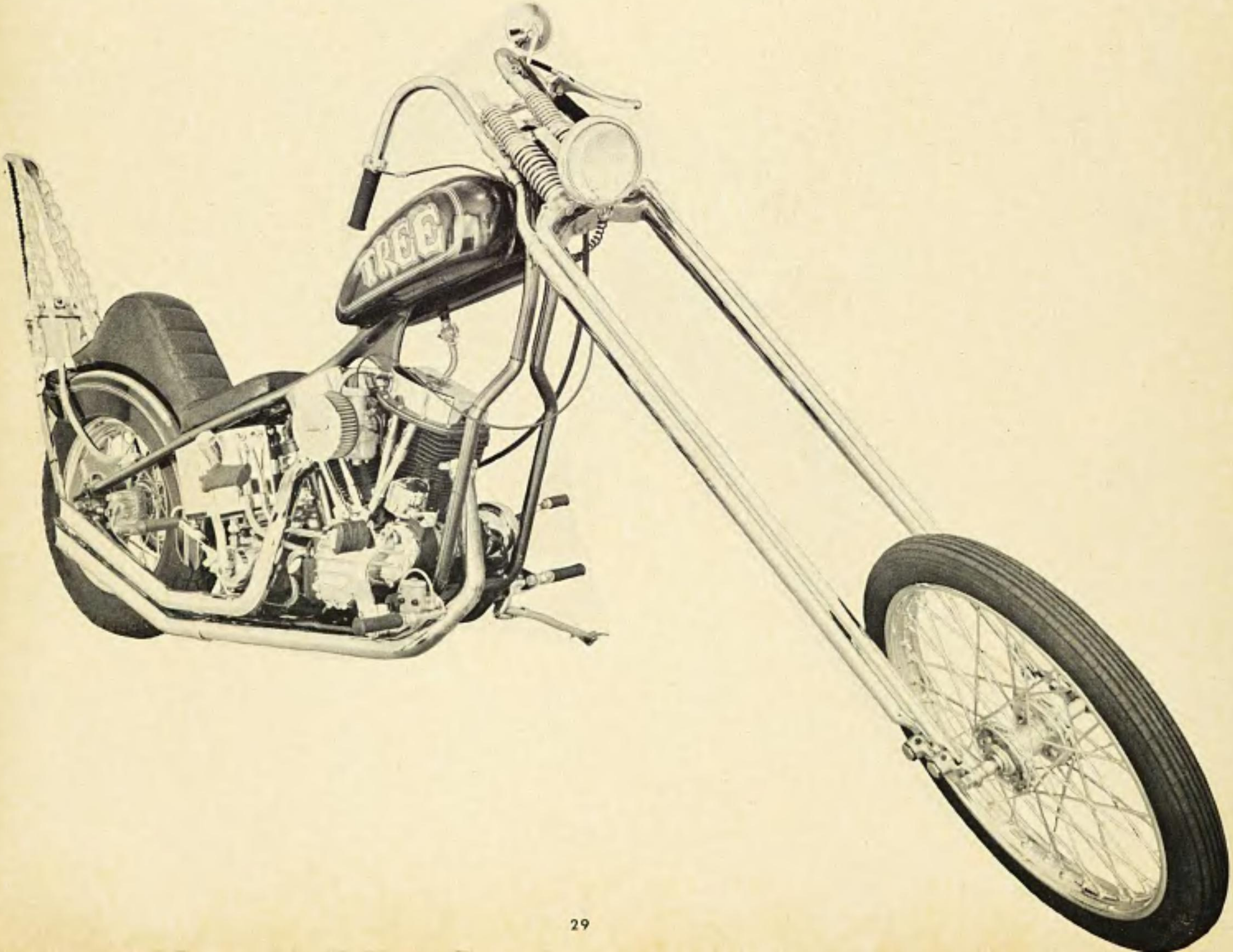


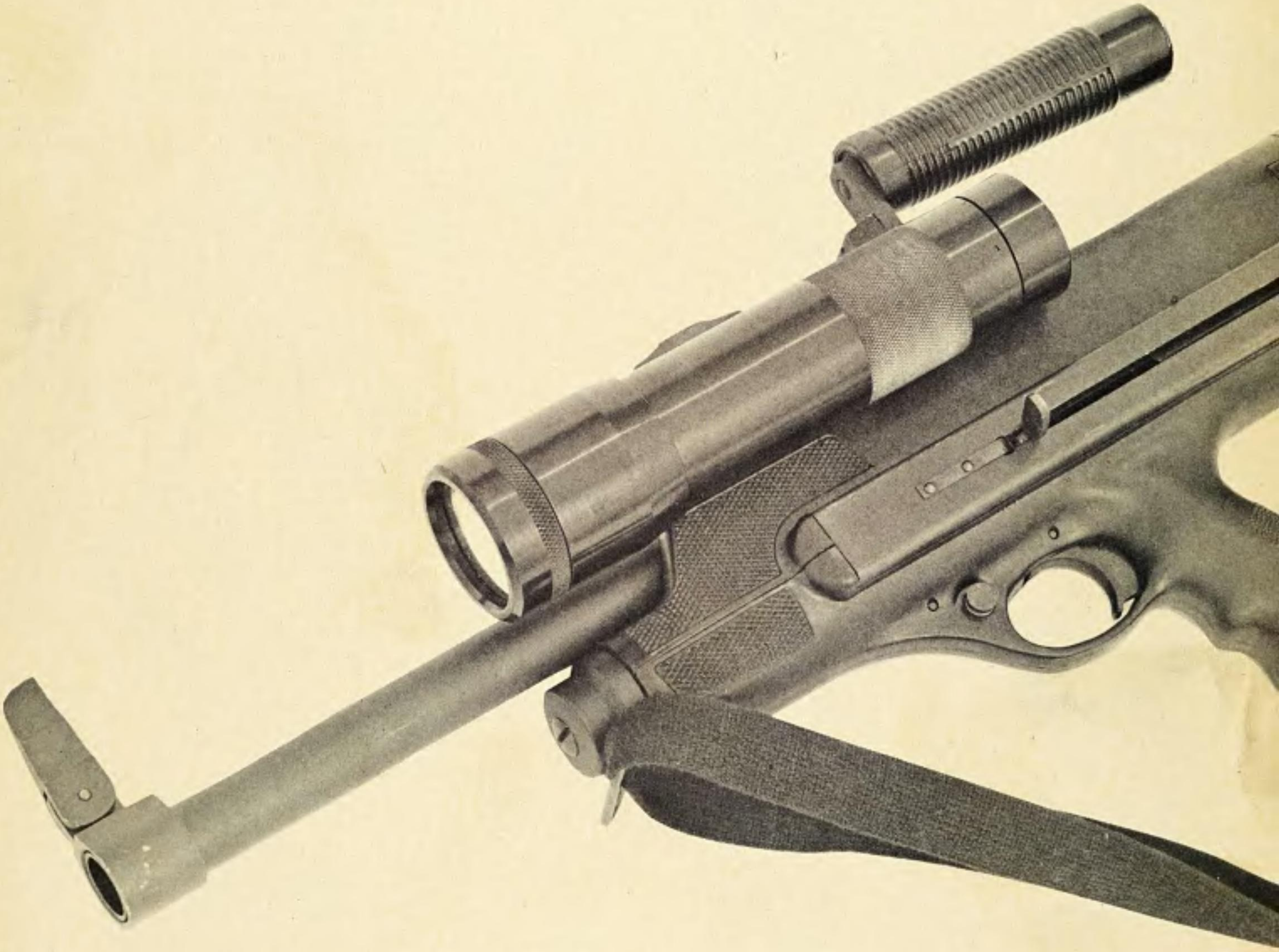


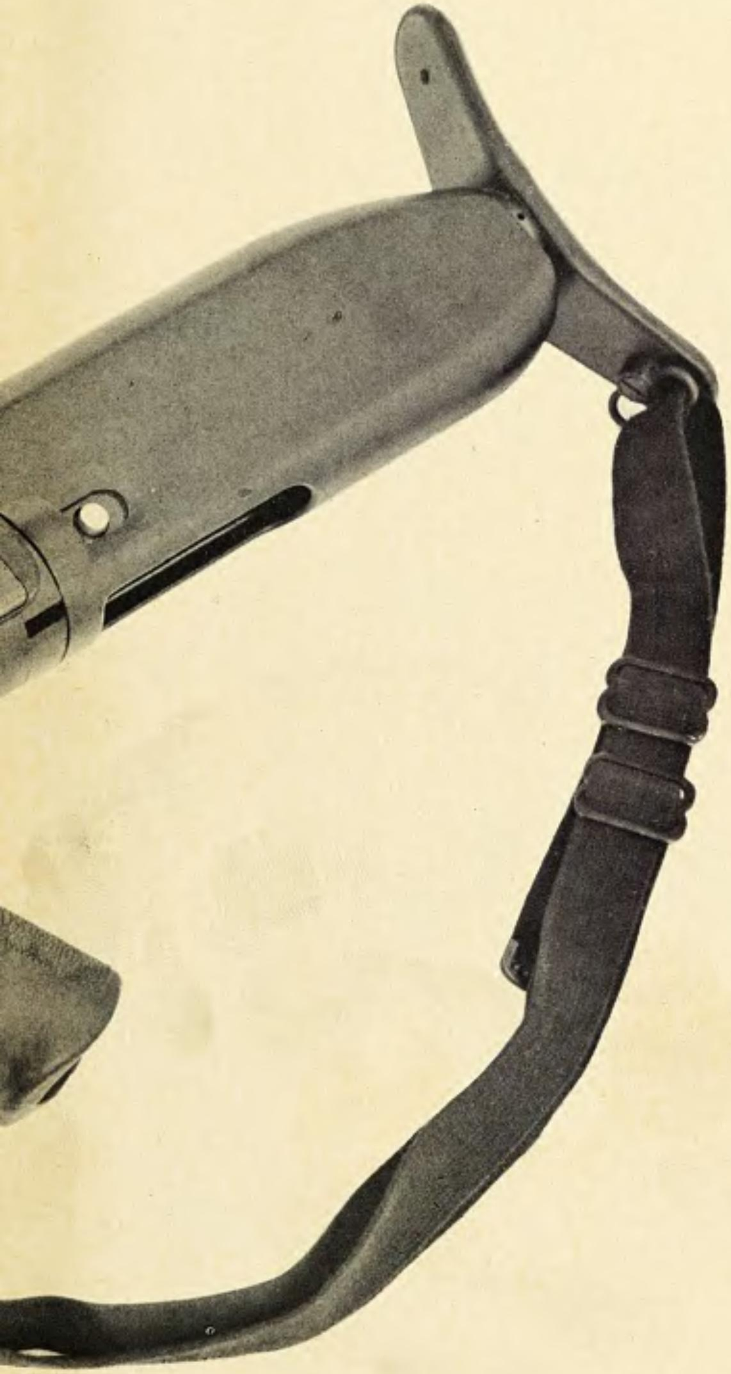


would look around for the right part at the right price or just score on some deal. Once they had the basics they modified things to fit the idea behind the scooter. Check out the frame; it started out as a straight-bar pan. They stretched the down tubes, changed it to a wishbone style and extended the rear section, then had it checked out by some frame-straightenin' freaks. They did the same number with the sissy bar; they scored one from a friend, then shortened it and had it chromed. Ross picked up the front end and modified a set of bars to fit directly into the extended stock springer. It took some scroungin' and good people but they managed to get the dude on the road in three months. That's cookin'.

Although they started out the hard way, the bike went together without too much hassle. Oh, and that word "Tree" on the side of the tank is Howard's nickname, 'cause the cat is as big as a Sequoia. ■







It's As Mean As It looks!

Mean-lookin' sonuvabitch, ain't it? It's a semi-automatic shotgun being used by the para-military units of your friendly downtown police department. It's lovingly called an alley sweeper by the cops who fondle it. All that's necessary to aim the bastard (at night) is to point the built-in flashlight. Blam. Wasted.

It has a pistol type grip that makes it possible to fire with one hand, and because of this, the cop can easily hold the mutha out to his side so that the flashlight won't be in line with his body. Kickback? It can fire the most powerful shotgun shell (usually a 12-gauge magnum, #4 buckshot) with hardly any recoil—mainly due to its holding qualities.

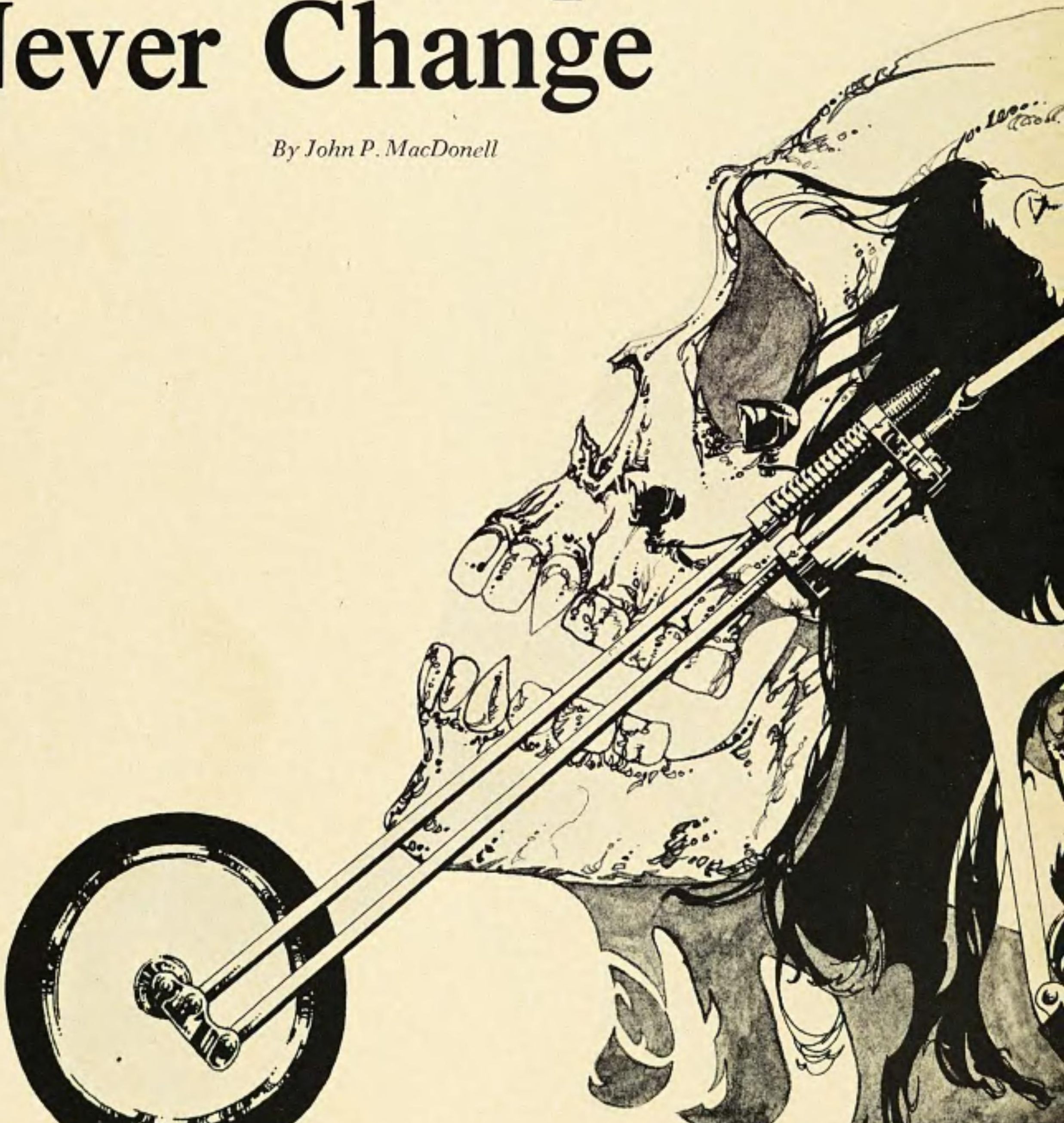
In case you want to rush out and grab one for gopher huntin' or somethin', it's a High-Standard Model 10-B. It's available to the public, elite units of the U.S. Marines, and anyone else who can get off on it. Oh yeah, in case that gopher gets away, this mutha also fires tear gas shells, but shit, only one at a time. ■

—Spider

One law of nature that's never yet been formulated in professorial gobbledygook:

Scooter People Never Change

By John P. MacDonell

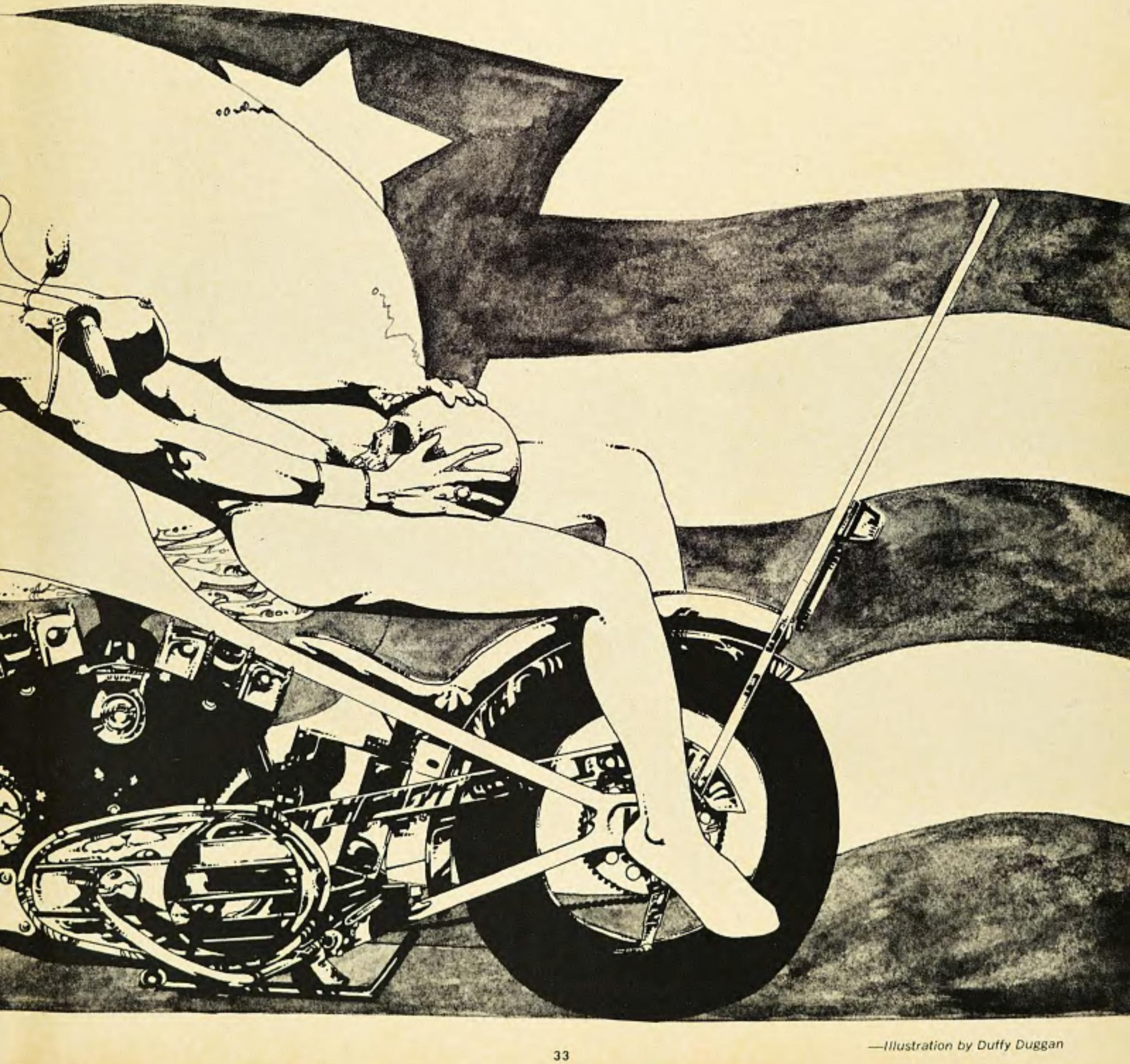


The factual account of biker doings offered here is the work of John Patrick Mac Donnell, a man now fourteen years dead, who lived the story before he wrote it. After you've read it, you'll realize the truth of the natural law we just mentioned. The machines may change over the years, but the people . . . well, read the story and decide for yourself. —Editor.

The year 1919 was of profound significance for the peace and quiet of El Paso, for in that year the Army Air Corps decided that after five years of war they also wanted peace and quiet. In a step toward that direction, the Corps heaved me out.

Pancho Villa was then at the height of his career, wrecking trains, burning bridges, shooting the Federalistas, and busting up the country generally. He was reported to have several Americans flying for him. Sanctuary rumors had it that these birds were drawing a monetary stipend that put all other salaried gents into the same category as a Halsted Street bum. There was also bruited about the possibility of unofficial gratuities in addition, which could be garnered by a man of dis-

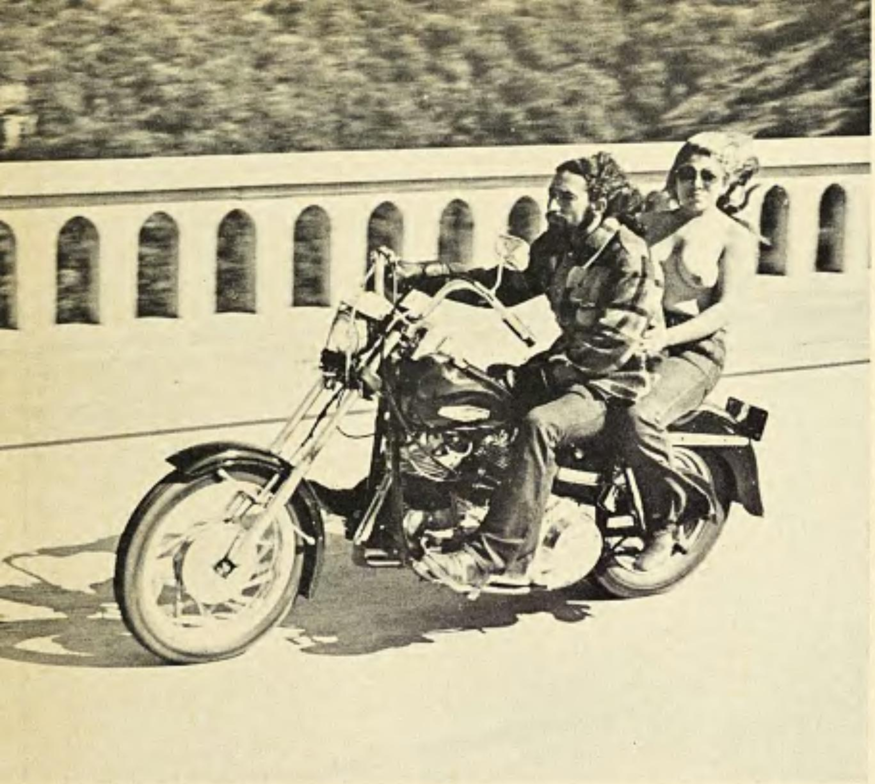
—Continued on page 70



—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

In the Wind

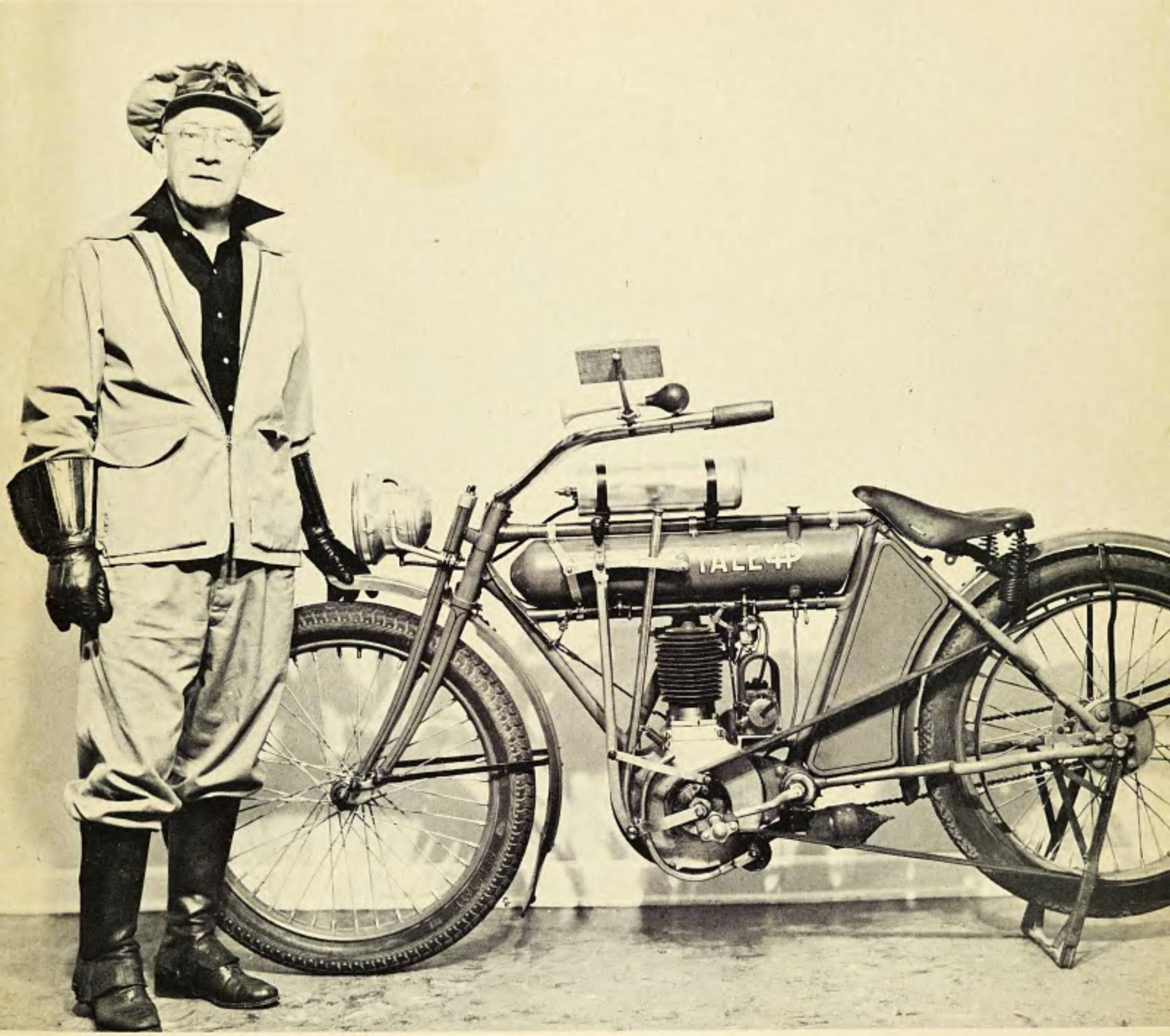
As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom— This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove —better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.

—from W. Wright, Downers Grove, Ill.

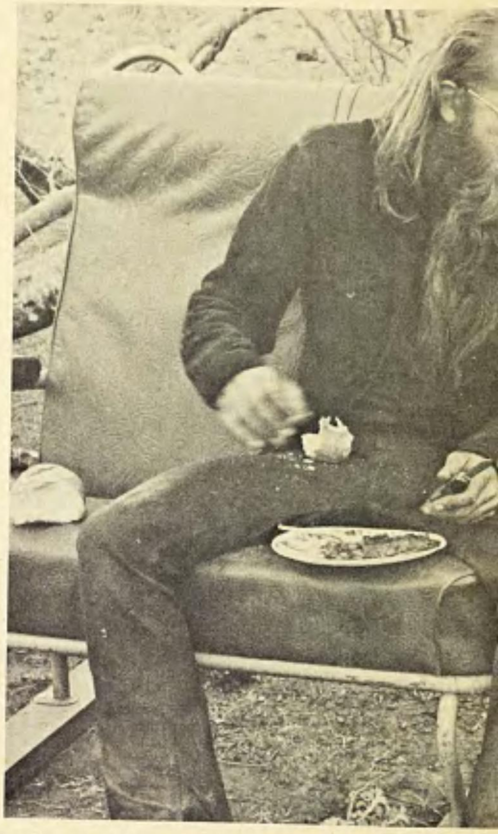
— From Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.



—from Tony Brad, Schofield, Wis.

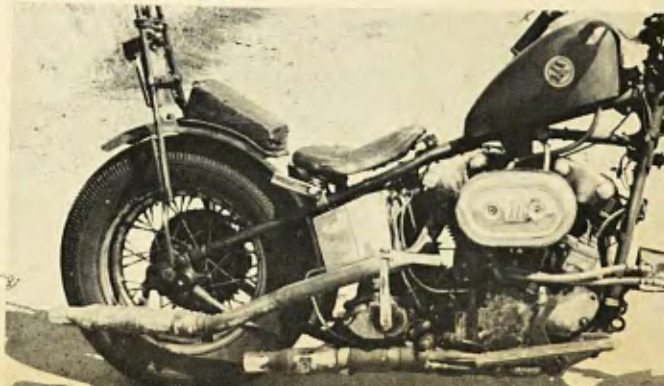
—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.

—from Wendy Mills, Painesville, Ohio

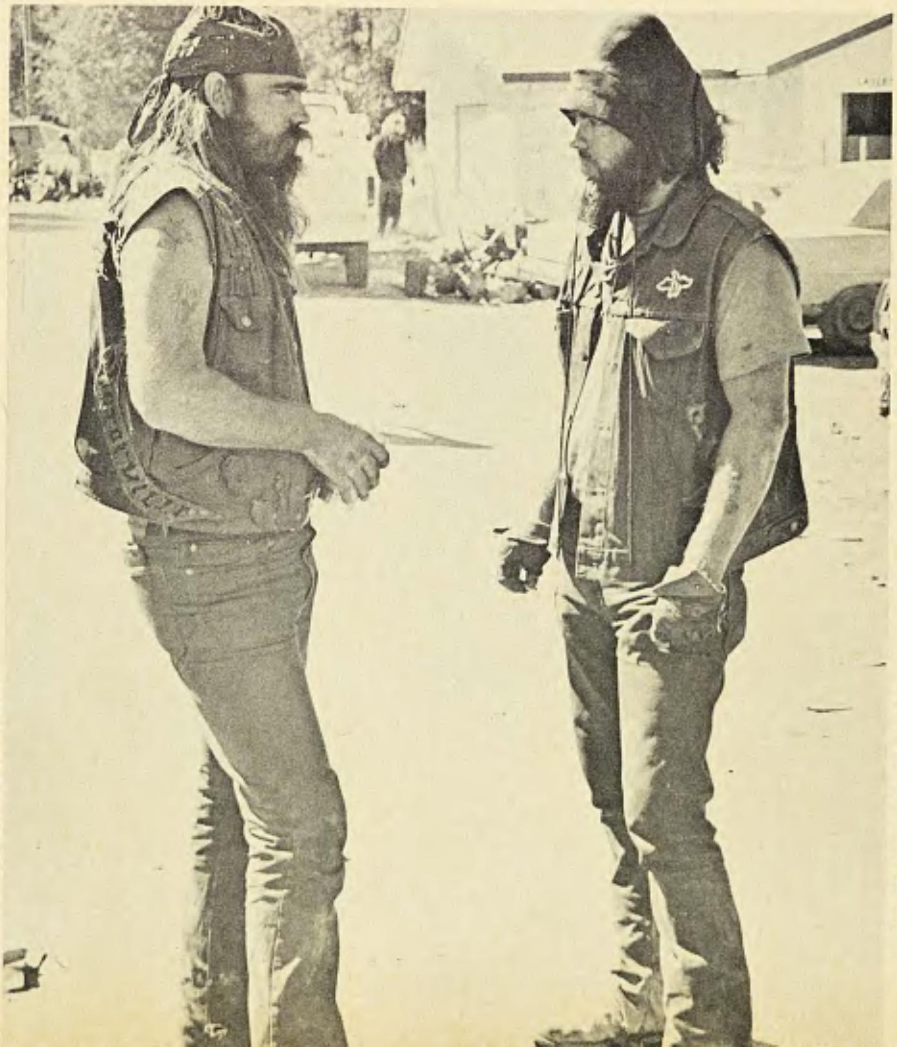


—from Randy Detgen, North Hollywood, Ca.

—from Frisco, Fresno, Ca.

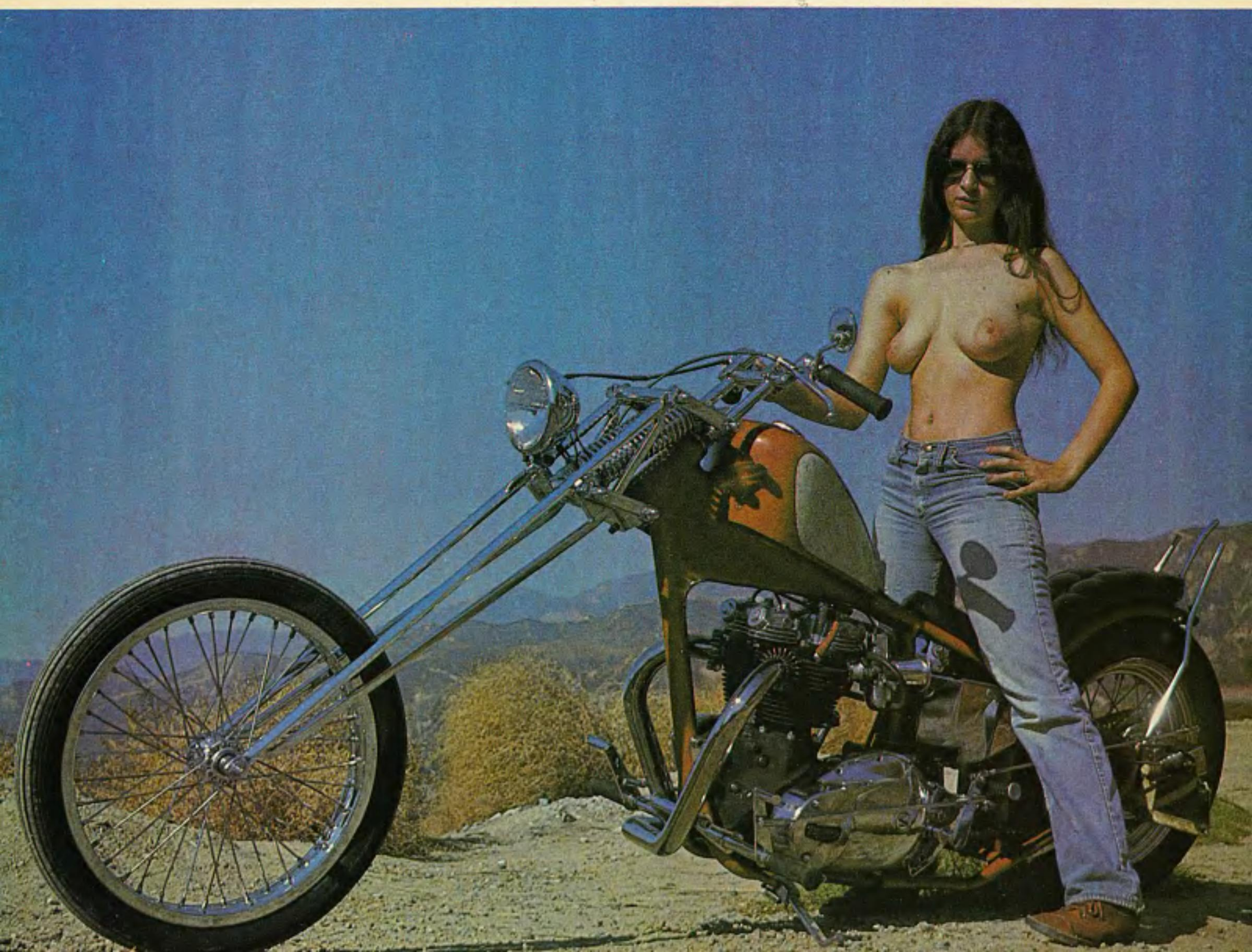


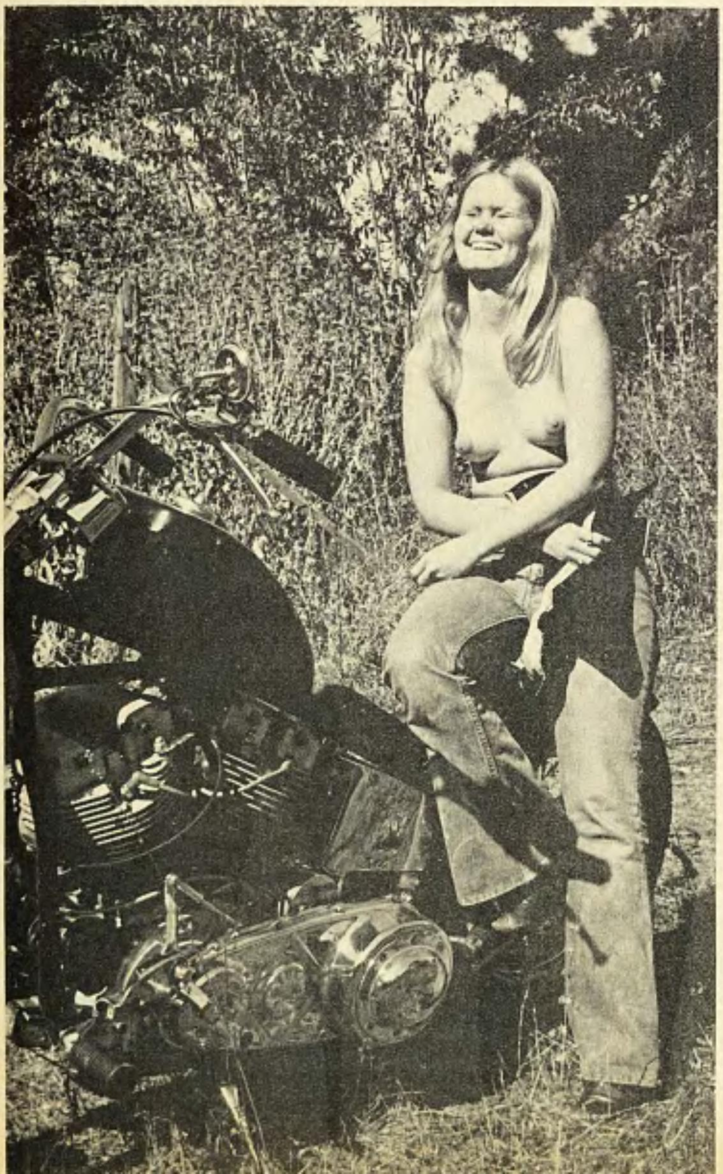
—from Normand Goupil, Somersworth, N.H.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.

OLYMPIA



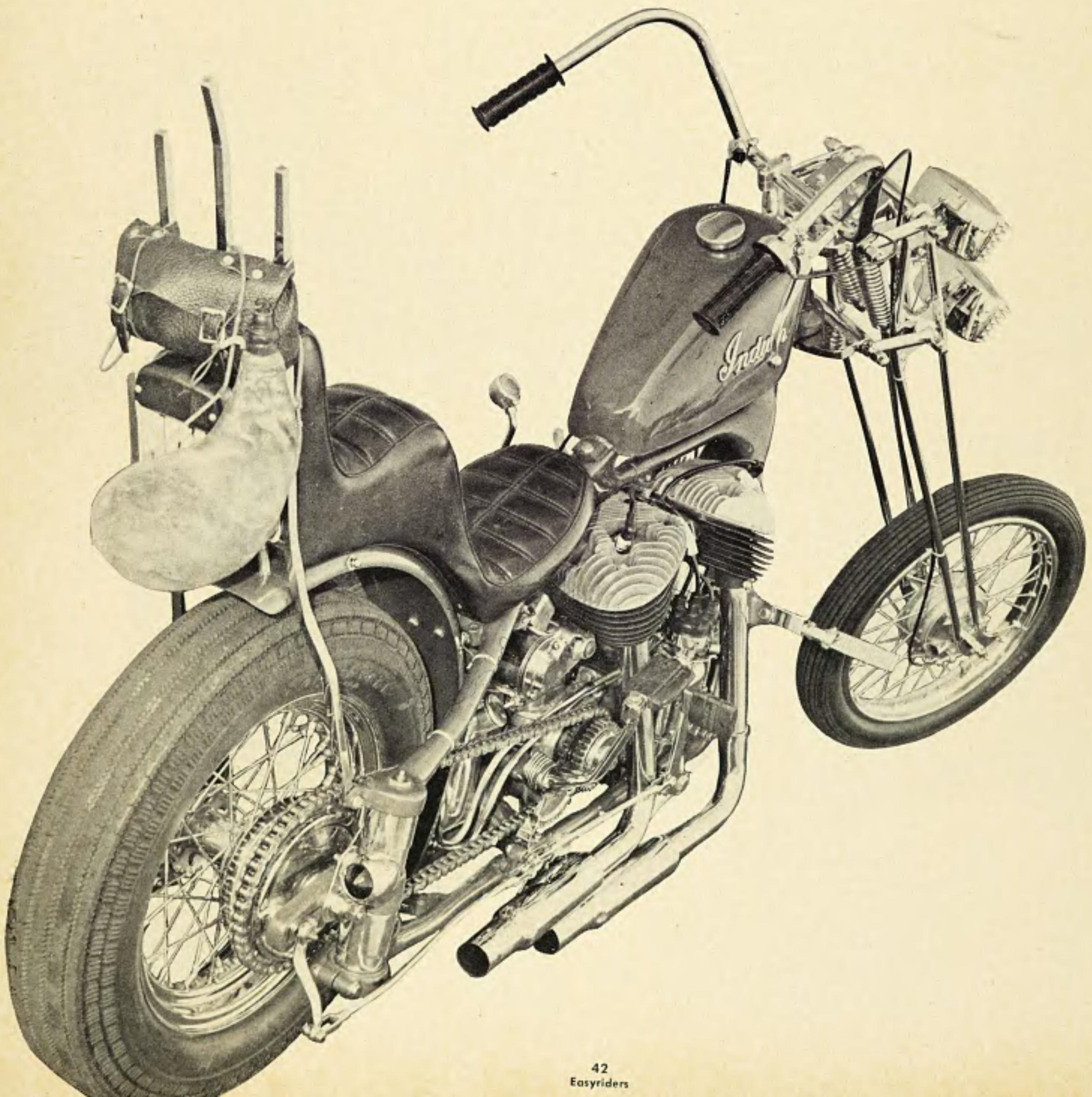


—from C. Bell, London, England

DavidMann
Easyriders Magazine

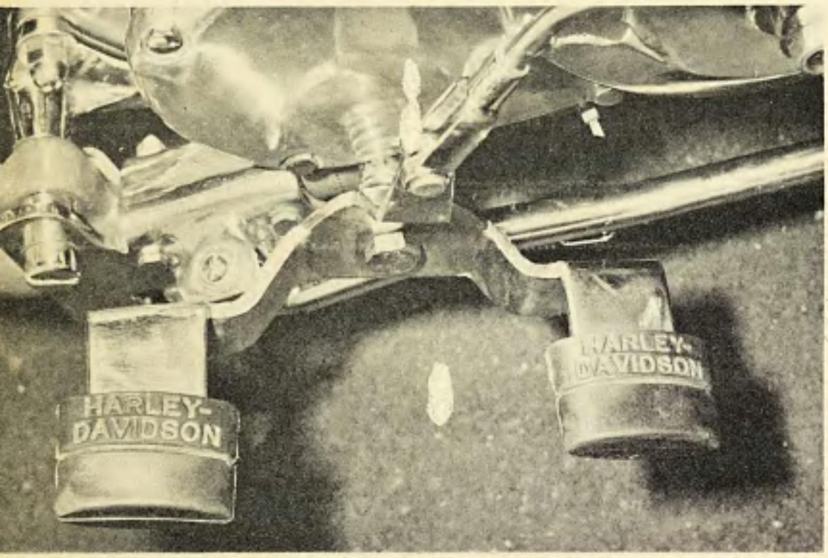
Righteous Redskin

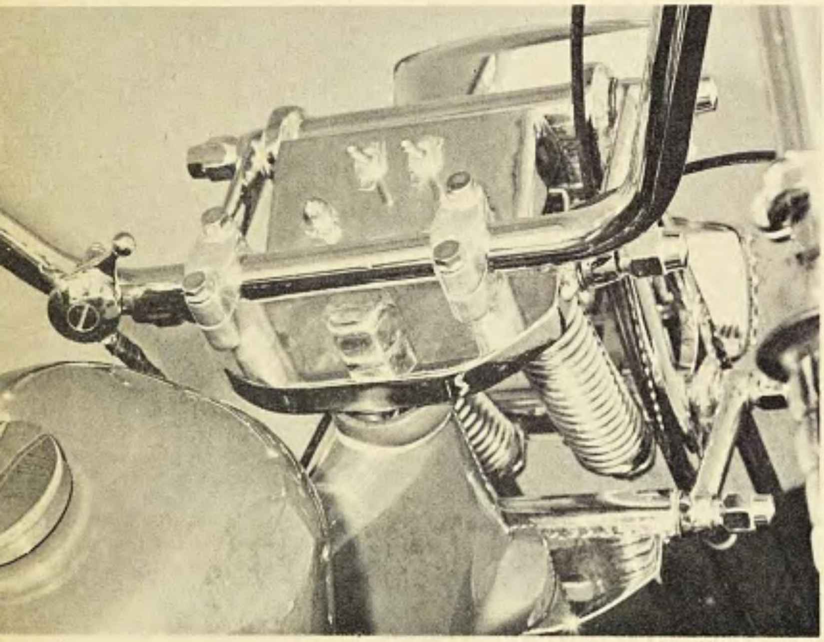
Any of you short-timers out there who are groanin' over the lack of a porker plastered on these pages, just crank your noggin back a few years. Three short decades ago this land of pollution and home of the corrupt had another genuine American-made motorcycle: Indian. Even judged by today's

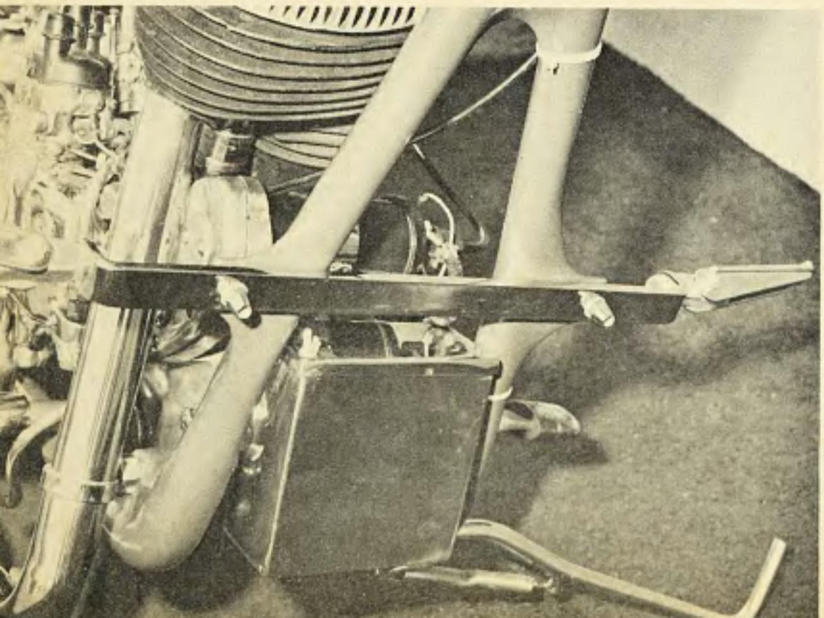


Indian

Indian







standards of class, Indians had as much on the ball as Hogs. They leaked as much oil, burned as much rubber, and sounded half-way between a funky knuck and a UL 80. In the mechanical department they even had an edge with a stock soft tail, a far-out exposed kickstart system and an off-the-wall belt-driven generator.

Believe it or not, there are still a lot of these hog-hunters runnin' around in the back hills where Harley ain't really caught on yet, like this one from the mile-high mountains of Butte, Montana. The owner and builder, Indian Jim, has even cleaned up its act a trifle from stock by using some newfangled silicone gasket sealer and an injector carb. He also refined some of the old stuff by relocating the tank shift, and polishing those ancient cases up to a babyass shine. To make way for a custom oil tank mounted below the generator perched on the seat post, he relocated the battery in a chrome box between the front frame legs. And just to make peace with the Hog freaks when he **does** come out of the hills there's a Sporty gas tank and HD kicker rubbers on the brake and suicide clutch pedals.

You'll notice, however, that most of the stock tabs—although cleaned up—have been left on the frame, and that the rake of the girder was achieved with special arms, not by torching the neck. Maybe Jim has heard of some plans afoot for a country-wide uprising of Indian stockers. Compared with HD in the AMF era, the revival wouldn't need much to get it going.

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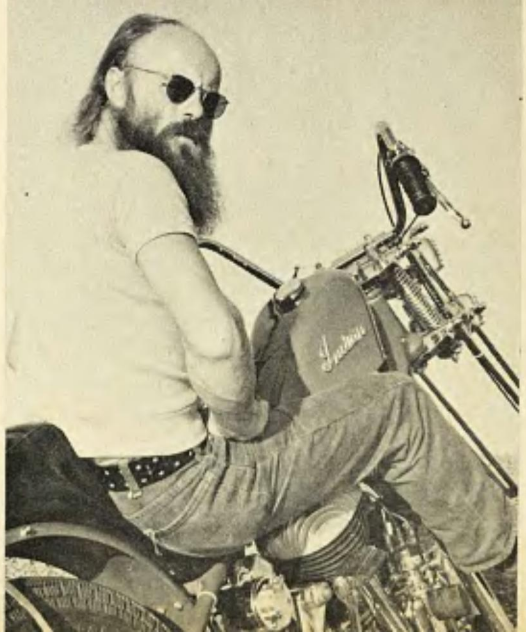
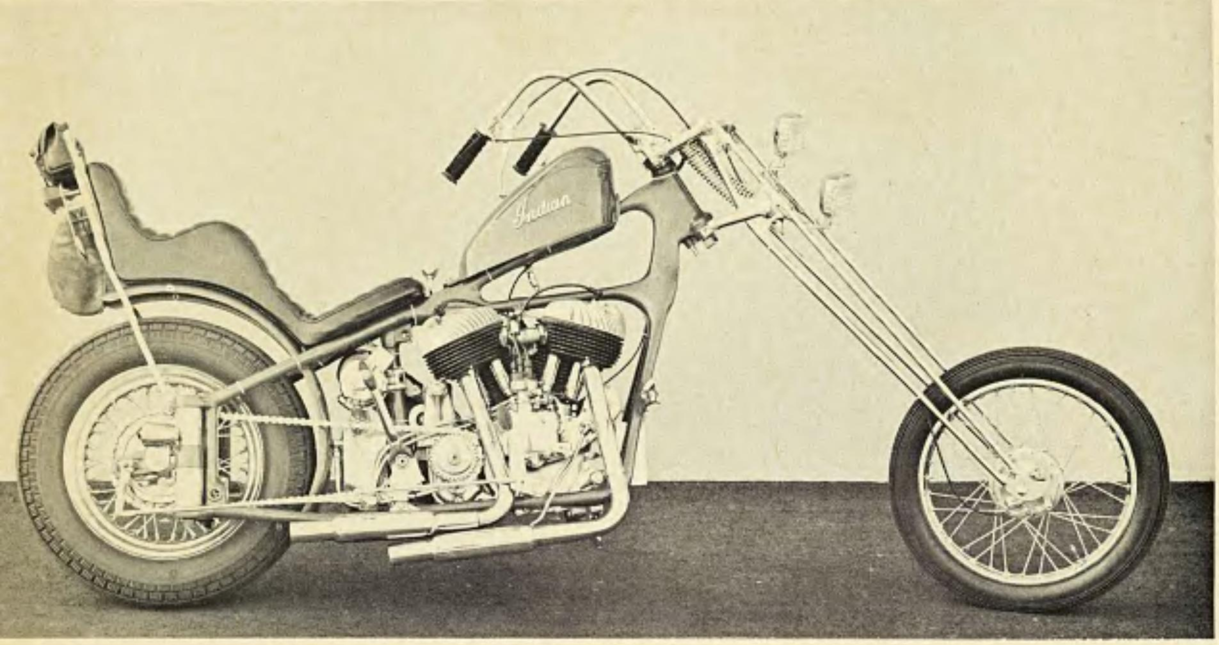
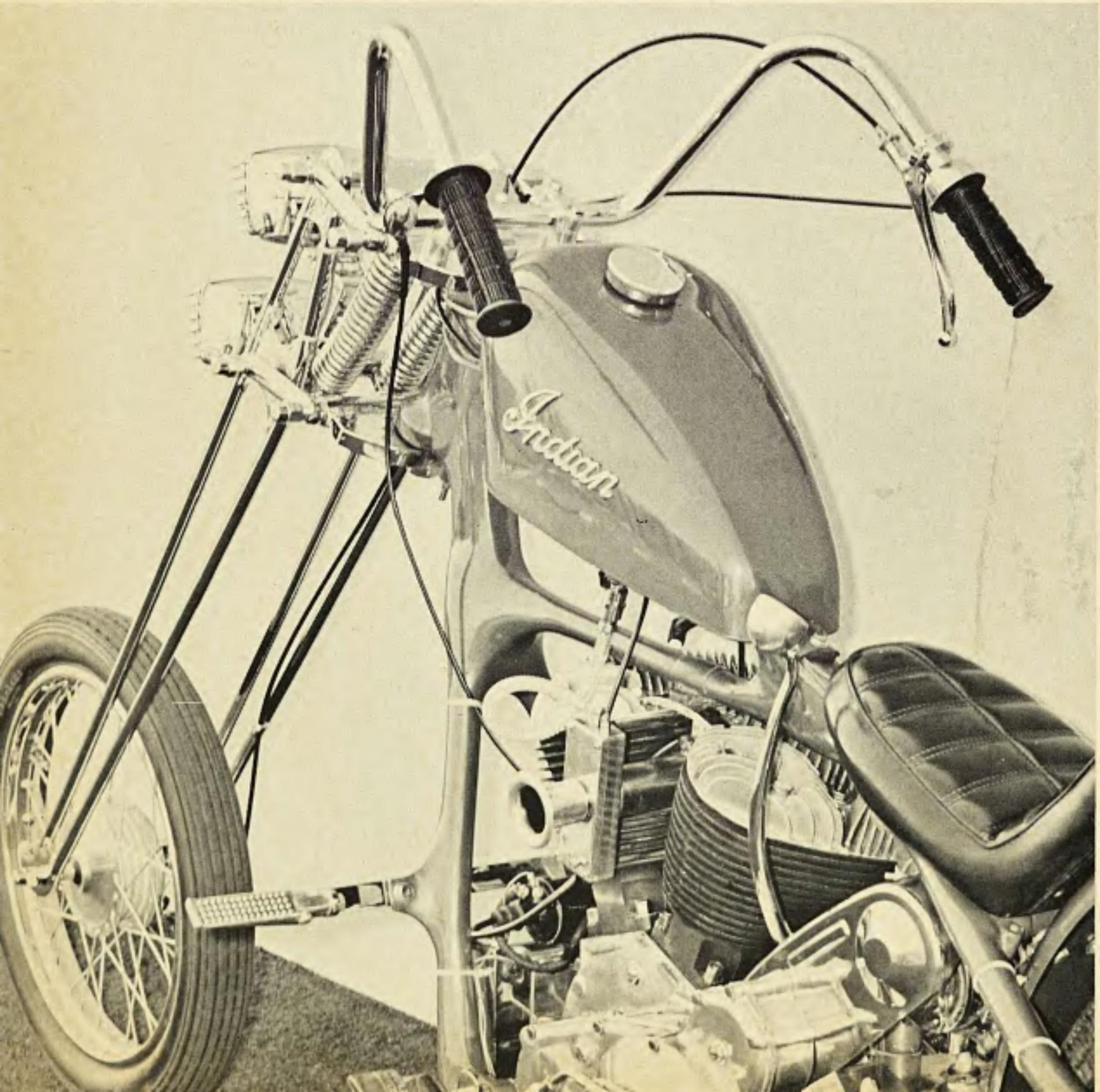






Easyriders photos by Jake

Owner: Jim Marsh

City: Butte, Montana

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1947 Indian
- Model: Chief
- Value: $2,000
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: 16 months
- Chroming by: Rudd's Plating

Engine

- Year: 1947
- Model: flathead
- Rebuilder: owner
- Ignition: 6V distributor
- Displacement: 77 cu. in.
- Lower end: standard
- Balancing: Puritan Supply
- Pistons: Chuck Myles, 80 over
- Cases: polished
- Heads: polished
- Cam: standard
- Lifters: solid
- Carb(s): 35mm Lake Injector
- Air cleaner: velocity stack
- Pipes: drag, by owner
- Muffler(s): shorties

Transmission

- Modifications:
- Year: 1947
- Shifting: relocated hand shift
- Engine sprocket: 24
- Trans sprocket: 23
- Wheel sprocket: 43

Painting

- Molding: owner
- Painter: owner
- Color: '71 Corvette red
- Type: acrylic lacquer

Frame

- Year: 1947
- Builder: Indian
- Type: cradle w/plunger rear susp.
- Rake: none (in front end)
- Stretch:
- Other alterations: none

Accessories

- Bars: AEE pullbacks
- Risers: 2½-in. aluminum
- Fender(s): 6-in. flat
- Headlight: Lucas
- Taillight: stock Indian running lights
- Speedo:
- Front pegs: owner
- Rear pegs:
- Electrics: battery box by owner
- Gas tank: 2½-gal. Sportster
- Oil tank: adapted Sportster
- Oil system: gear pump, dry sump
- Primary cover: aluminum, stock
- Seat: naugahyde
- Sissy bar: home-made
  - Height: 34 in.
  - Material: ½-in. square

Forks

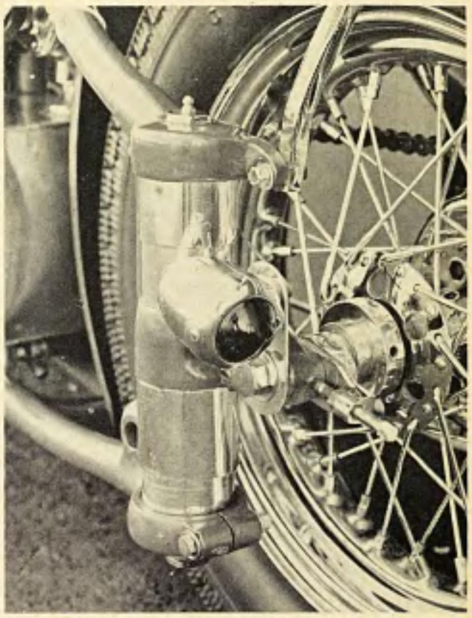
- Type: girder
- Extension: 18 in.
- Builder: owner
- Special features: ¾-in. rake in arms

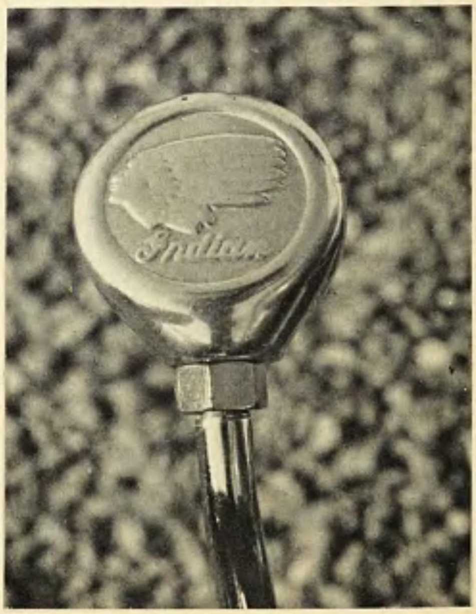
Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: Yamaha	Hub: Indian
Rim width: 3.00	Rim width: 5.00
Tire: Yokohama	Tire: Goodyear
Brake: Drum	Brake: Drum

Special paint: metallic and clear top coat

Other special modifications: adaptor for Lake injector by Bill Little, oversize front axle and bearings by Bearing Inc., relocated brake pedal, clutch pedal and kick stand.





Some bikers get a little nasty when their copy of Easyriders gets ripped off!

That's right! Play grab-ass with their ol' ladies, steal a pinch of their grass—do anything, but don't ever get caught rippin' off their copy of **Easyriders.** That is unless you dig getting mangled.

Play it safe—get your own copy at the newsstand (if you're lucky—they sell out fast), or subscribe and have it delivered to your home.

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Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

☐ Here's $6.99 for a one-year subscription.
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Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,

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MARIJUANA
BREW
BOTTLED BY
ROBINSON

By Matthew Brady

Marijuana Beer?

During World War II the U.S. Department of Agriculture, believe it or not, funded an extensive study on how marijuana could be improved! The journals of the Carnegie Institute of Washington from 1942 through 1944 describe some fairly extensive experimenting by H. E. Warmke and H. Davidson in cooperation with the Bureau of Plant Industry.

Lest you think that this was some early national take-over by dopers and freaks, be assured that the goals of the program were upright and patriotic, and that the bettered maryjane was not intended to be what you think.

It seems that during the second World War, the good guys (that was us) were in grave danger of being cut off from our supply of fiber by (naturally) the forces of evil that lurked in the shipping lanes from overseas. So a crash program was initiated to develop alternative stateside sources of stuff that could be used as rope, seat covers, and insulation on knucklehead wiring systems. One of the prime candidates was your friendly neighborhood hemp plant (a.k.a. Cannabis Sativa or marijuana). While trying to hush up the fact that massive plantings were going on in the midwest to secure a domestic supply of fiber, Uncle Sam was furiously trying to develop "improved" strains of marijuana that contained longer and stronger fiber, and smaller amounts of mind-altering drug.

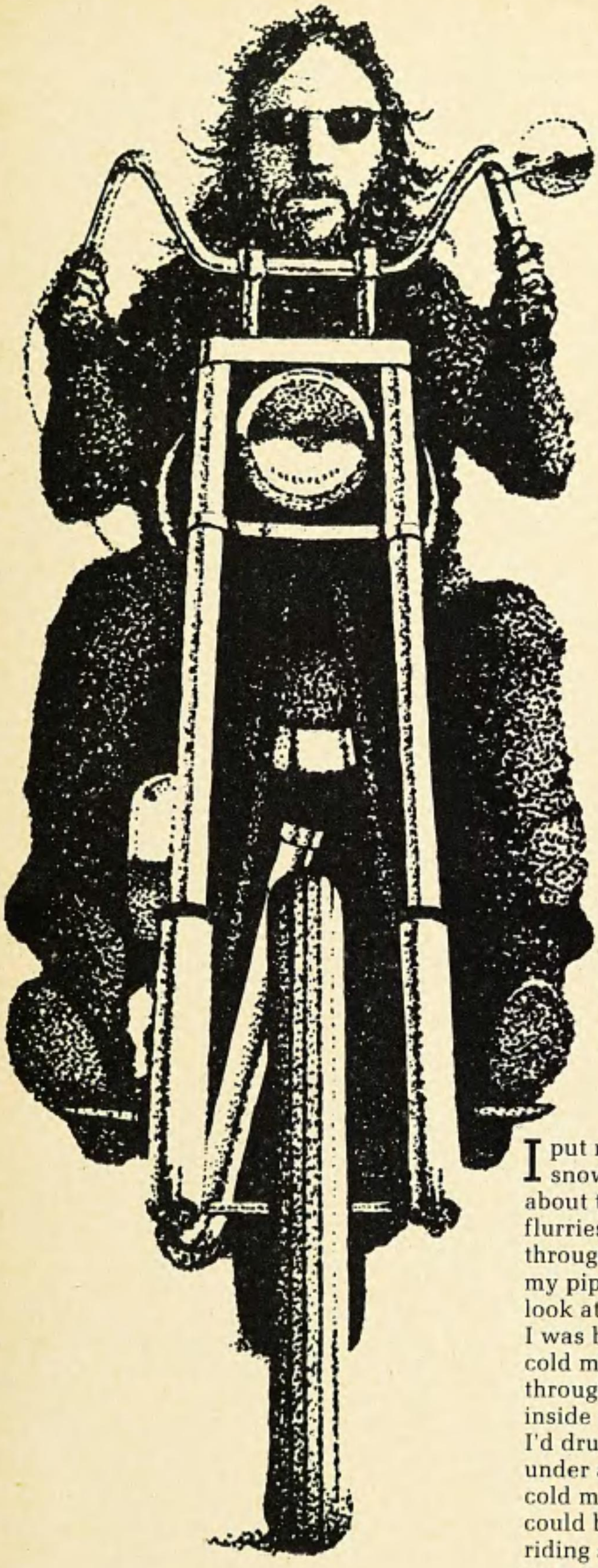
Initial efforts were directed at eliminating really dynamite weed from the laboratory population (wonder how they disposed of it) and breeding only those less potent plants. By mating selectively weaker and weaker strains, it was hoped that the program would finally arrive at a grass with all the consciousness-expanding properties of your front lawn, but with fibers so bullet-proof you could use 'em for clutch cables.

Happily, selective inbreeding never laid the proud killer weed so low (at best it seemed to quarter its effectiveness). Our intrepid researchers got just the opposite of what they wanted. Repeated matings of the most potent specimens would produce really brain-bending dope. In addition, they found results perhaps indicating that special laboratory-treated hybrids of marijuana possessed unusually strong fiber—and gave unusually good buzzes. This suggested that fiber quality and drug content were so related that they could not be separated by selective breeding. Back to the drawing board.

The second part of this study on stunting the U.S. grass supply centered its efforts on discovering exactly where in the cannabis plant the mind-benders were produced.

If the dope was created in the roots, it was reasoned, then perhaps the stalks and leaves could be grafted onto a related species, free to grow without the undesirables in their veins. This hope turned out to be half fulfilled. While the roots **are** the source of the cannabinols, hemp uppers will **not** survive if grafted to any other plant. Even worse, it was discovered that grafts of the common hops (stuff beer is made from), Humulus lupulus (a near relative of pot), would not only survive on marijuana roots, but would also grow leaves which contained as much mind-expanding stuff as the original pot leaves and yet still **appeared to be hops in every other way!**

The study never reported on the smokability or legality of this special hop foliage, nor what kind of beer would result from using it as flavoring. In fact, the whole scheme came to a close at this point, supposedly because the synthesis of artificial fibers like rayon, nylon, and dacron eliminated the concern over a domestic supply; but more likely because the prospect of this information leaking out and the effects it would have on law enforcement and the U.S. brewing industry were too horrible for the 1940s mind to consider. ■



After The First Snow

I put my 74 up after the first snow. There was something about that night, when the snow flurries danced drunkenly through the air, burned away on my pipes, landed on my tank, to look at me with a bright sparkle. I was bundled up nice, and the cold midnight air could not seep through to chill me; I was warm inside with the pint of bourbon I'd drunk at the party. I stopped under a street light for a brisk, cold moment to smoke a jay. It could be the last instant of the riding season when I could sit on my warrior and enjoy a quiet, alone second. Yes, this instant was etched forever in the long record of love for my machine.

The streets would be covered; I could see the long, dark colors of the road being covered with the diamond-white crystals. I looked up and saw them streaking through the golden haze of the blurred street light. The wind was cold and thick and made my chest swell with each breath. The roads will be bad now, I've got to finally shut down. I felt like crying.

There will be next spring, when the pavement comes back to meet the sunshine, and I'll slip my love onto clear streets and smooth sailing. But now, I'm getting really fucked up, and this night is wonderful, quiet, and alone. I feel the cold all around me. I looked down at the 74; it sat quiet, vigilant, my best friend. I wondered if it felt the cold too. I think not, for my Harley is stronger than I.

I looked at my jay in my fingers, maybe three or four tokes at the most. I'm already blown away. But I'm still glad for the extras. The smoke curled and spun into the wind like a snake. I sat silently and started to think. After a few minutes of serious effort, the only thing I could think of was how zonked I was; the second thing was how good it felt. When I stood up I almost fell on my ass.

I dropped back down onto the saddle and kicked my Hog over. The vibration tingled my blood, and I felt warm all over. The putt seemed to know. But it sat there and talked to me in its own special way. I could tell that it was going to take everything I had to slip into gear and drive down that snowy road to home. But at this instant we are both well tuned, both together, and both road hungry motherfuckers.

But the road is white now.

Does the Harley understand? I think it does. ■

By Ron Grote

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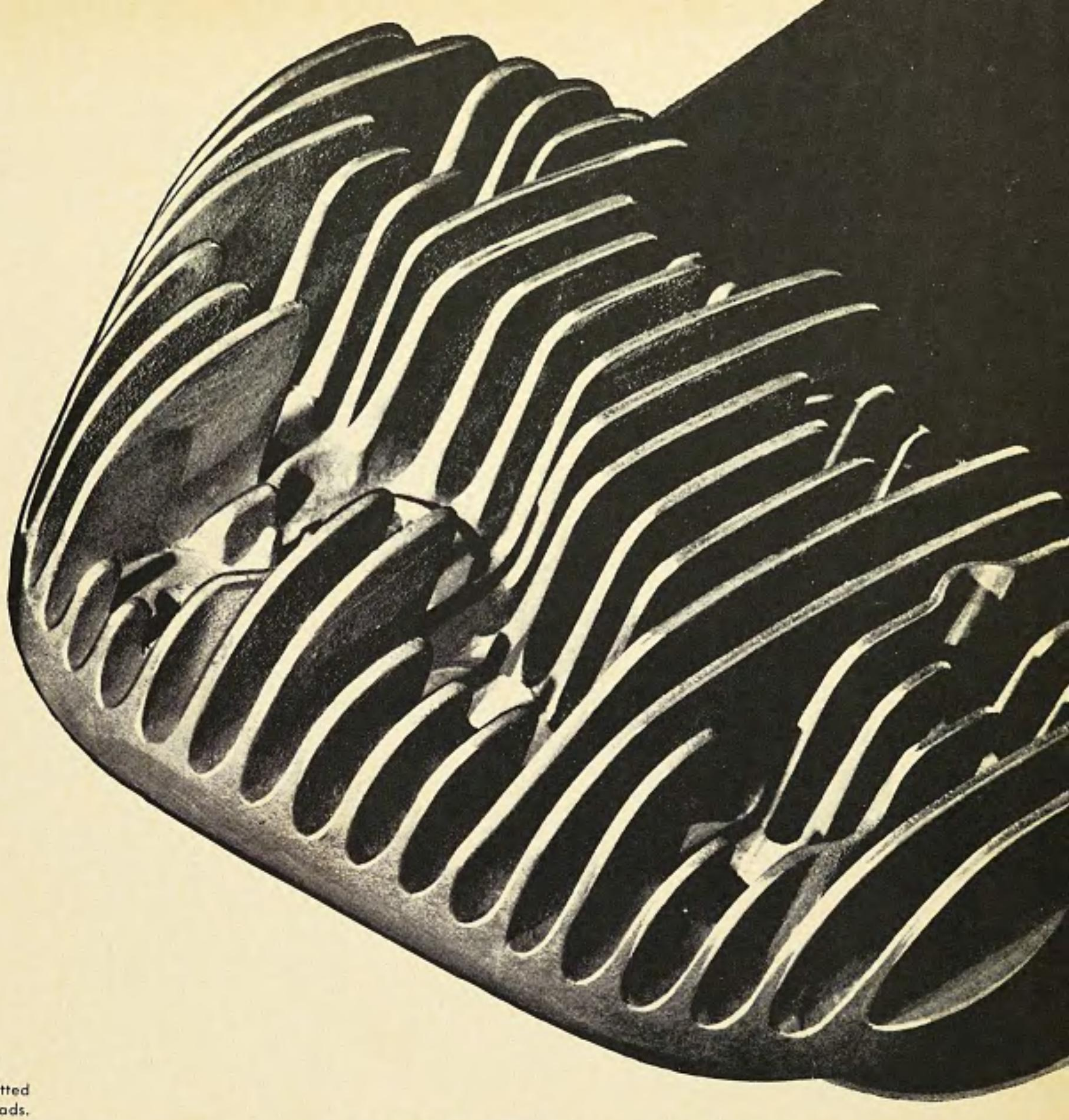
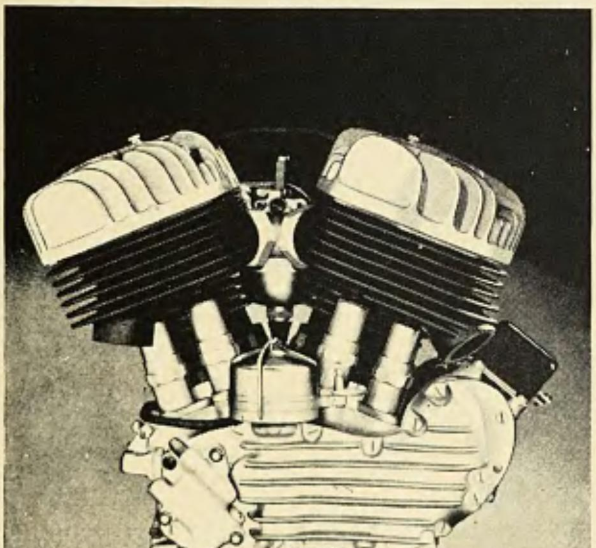


The 45 WLD motor for 1940, fitted with deep-finned aluminum heads.



MORE PEP-GR BETTER PERF

ALUMINUM HEADS! That's the magic combination of metal an scientific design that is distinguishing 1940 Harley-Davidson sid valve models with astounding performance. Look at those aluminu cylinder heads, regular equipment on the 45 WLD and 80 Twin an obtainable on the 74 Twin! You don't have to be an engineer to kno that those deep-finned heads dissipate heat as fast as lightnin And when you eliminate heat you unloosen more horsepower, g snappier performance, and longer motor life.

Note the depth of the fins on Harley-Davidson's Silicon Aluminu Alloy cylinder heads. An average of two inches in depth of ro

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR C

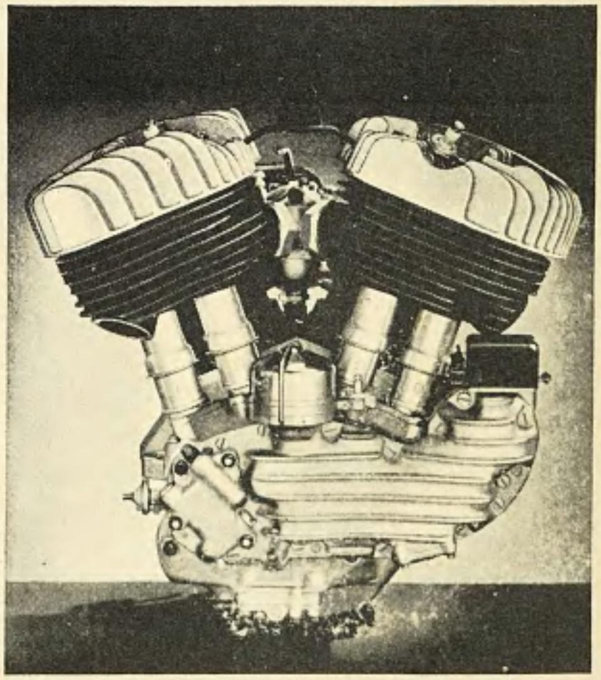
ATER POWER -
RMANCE . . .

on row of fins scientifically placed to get the maximum benefit of the air as it rushes by. There is 51.5% more cooling area on the WLD and 41.5% more on the 80 Twin as compared with the former cast iron heads. Lighter, too — 10 pounds, 4 ounces on the 80 Twin and 8 pounds, 2 ounces on the WLD.

When you look over the 1940 models at your Harley-Davidson dealer's display room, carefully examine the new aluminum heads. Then swing into the saddle of one of these new jobs and see what they do on the road. You'll agree they have those extra value features you'll want in the motorcycle you are going to call your own.

IPANY, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

The 80 Twin motor now featured with aluminum heads and ribbed crankcase.

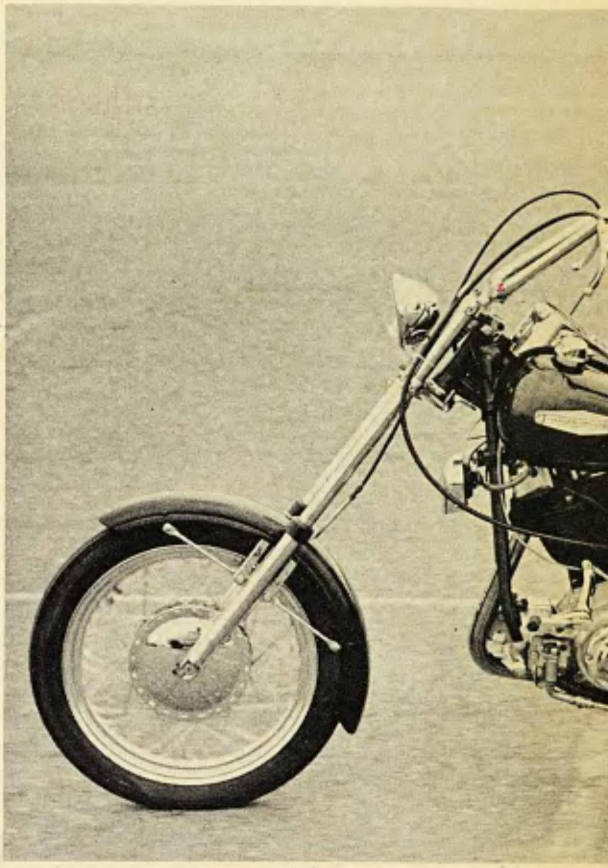


Far Out, Baby!

Once you get a motorcycle off the side stand and upright, they all weigh the same, somebody said. And Linda Lutz, the owner of this fast fatbob must agree, 'cause it's her ride, and she can handle it. She can also handle the cat who put it together, Dale Farnum; they recently got hitched. (Bummer.)

Now for you muthas who tend to take too many reds (don't look at me), and on account of that don't believe shit that anyone raps to you, well, trip on this.

—Continued on next page



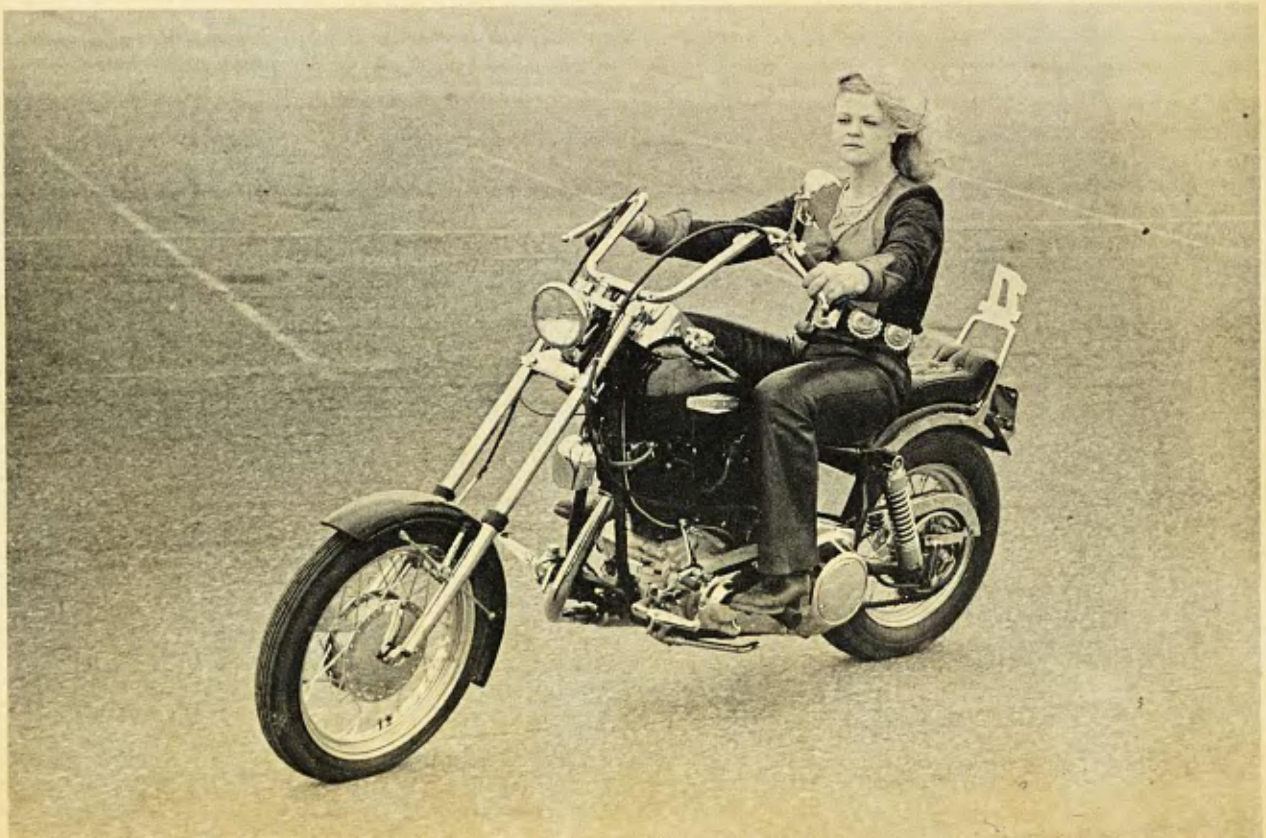
Owner: Linda Gail Lutz	**City:** Minneapolis, Minn.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1970	
Year and make: 1970 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH	Type: swing arm	
Value: $3,750	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Linda's ol' man	Stretch: stock	
Time: 5 months	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Quality Perform.	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: 13 in. Flanders	
Year: 1970	Risers: stock	
Model: FLH	Fender(s): Smith Bros. & Fetrow	
Rebuilder: Linda's ol' man	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock distributor	Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 83 cu. in.	Speedo: stock	
Lwr. end: offset bored 80 wheels	Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: 60%	Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: Axtell Stroker	Electrics: 12V battery, alternator	
Cases: built up scraper plates	Gas tank: 3½ gal. fatbobs	
Heads: ported & polished	Oil tank: Alphabet's C.W.	
Cam: 468S Sifton	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton solid	Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Tillotson, adj. main jet	Seat: Drag Specialties	
Air cleaner: stock	Sissy bar: Smith & Fetrow	
Pipes: drag	Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): shorty	Material: 9/16 square	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modificat'ns: Andrews close ratio	Type: Super Glide	
Year: 1970	Extension: 8 in. over stock	
Shifting: ratchet top	Builder: Linda's ol' man	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: none	
Trans. sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 52	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: none	Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Linda	Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: Empress Maroon mtl.-flake	Tire: 3.50	Tire: 5.10 Goodyea
Type: Lacquer	Brake: stock	Brake: stock
Special paint: none		
Other special modifications: Barnett clutch bathed in Dexron auto.-trans. fluid		

Easyriders photos by Fred Haskell

Dale and Linda went for a little putt this past summer. They started out in Minneapolis, went through Texas and over California way, to Frisco Bay and then back to Minnysoda. Five thousand and some miles in two weeks ain't too shabby. And no, she didn't pack her ol' man; he's also got a fatbob. It may lag behind a little, but he managed to keep her in sight. And talk about true H-D freaks: these people got caught in a bad hail storm. There wasn't any cover, so they stopped and used their bods to protect their scoots until it let up. That's dedication.

Well, in most of these funk bike articles, we scribe freaks come to some Reverend Ike or Billy Graham type revelation, but not so in this case. Like what could I say? "A miracle—a woman can ride a two-wheeler by her lonesome!" What a bunch of bullpucky. But if I ever happen to pass or be passed by Linda roaming on some expressway, somewhere, I will definitely raise a clenched fist and think with my burnt-out brain, "Far out, baby."

—Renegade



ABATE

Another case against helmets

The Hangman's Noose Analogy

By CDR E. J. Colangelo, MC, USN
Naval Safety Center

An analogy based on the similarities of the hospital transport (APH-6) aviator's protective helmet and the hangman's noose points up some interesting relationships to aircraft-accident investigation, and to the associated traumatic pathology.

The Hangman's-Noose Analogy

The inferior edge of the helmet, when visualized as part of the continuous circle completed by the nape strap and the chin strap, forms a loop that can be likened to a hangman's noose. The analogy might be further extended to include the lesions made about the neck by the straps or the edge of the helmet, paralleling the abrasions and contusions that might be associated with a rope having encircled the same structures. When the knot is situated at the side of the head (subaural), such a hangman's noose produces fractures of the base of the skull, tending to extend bitemporally through the basisphenoid.[1] When the knot is situated anteriorly and beneath the chin (submental), the hangman's noose causes a fracture dislocation at the axis. Characteristically the posterior arch is fractured and, interestingly enough, the odontoid process is not involved. Many of us had anticipated that a fractured, displaced odontoid process would represent the prototype lesion which so precariously endangers the patient with cervical cord compromise and death, similar to the hangman's fracture. More recent assessments of odontoid fracture mortality, however, suggest an incidence of less than ten percent.[2]

One interesting and compelling aircraft accident investigated by the Naval Safety Center, Norfolk, Va., served to emphasize the practical application of this theoretical exercise. A Navy A-4 jet aircraft experienced difficulties in flight which caused the pilot to eject at an altitude, attitude, and air speed that were within the operating envelope of the ejection seat. Supported by a fully blossomed functioning parachute, however, the pilot reached the ground severely injured and died shortly after the accident, as a result of a transverse laceration of the cervical spinal cord.

The details of the investigation (omitted here for the sake of brevity) established that the energy responsible for the fatal lesion was transmitted through the helmet and its inferior edge, into the posterolateral neck. A vertebral dislocation of C-2 on C-3 resulted, which in turn severed the spinal cord. The essential mechanism of injury involved the application of blunt force to one side of the helmet, causing it to rotate about the pilot's head in such a way that the opposite side of the helmet was forced inferiorly and medially, into the adjacent neck region. Similar observations had prompted an earlier modification of the helmet, to incorporate a thicker protective edge roll. The actual helmet involved in this case is pictured in Figure 1. Note that the damage to the helmet is slight, and hardly commensurate with the significance or severity of the associated injury. It is often tacitly assumed, when a helmet which has been subjected to large impact forces exhibits only slight damage, that the head which it is designed to protect should remain proportionally secure. This unfortunate case illustrates that nothing could be further from the truth.

The pathology itself was distinctive in that a dislocation without fracture occurred at the C-2/C-3 level of the cervical vertebrae. A roentgenographic study of the specimen is reproduced in Figure 2. A laminectomy was performed post mortem to expose the spinal cord. Histologic sections made through the C-2/C-3 vertebrae confirmed that no fracture was present despite common observations in the literature that fracture is the usual, if not invariable accompaniment of such severe dislocations.[3]

Discussion

It is especially interesting that "hangman's fracture" has been fairly recently defined as a bilateral avulsion fracture through the neutral arch of the axis, with or without fracture dislocation of the second cervical vertebral body upon the third.[4] The concept of the "cervicocranium" as an entity constituted by the cranium, the atlas, and the axis suggests that this functional segment above C-3 tends to move as a single unit, in dislocation as well as in flexion, extension, and rotation. The implied mechanical weakness at C-3, or the junction of the cervicocranium with the lower cervical spine makes it a likely site for dislocations in injuries sustained by mechanisms resembling that presented in this particular accident. The "hangman's fracture" is probably most frequently encountered in automobile-accident victims. What is its frequency in aviation accidents?

Unfortunately, the review of cases at the Naval Safety Center is impeded by the limited medical observations reported in cases of this sort. It is distinctly rare to receive an autopsy protocol describing the dissection of the cervical spine, with full documentation of the nature and extent of such lesions. Yet that information is greatly needed, to develop an accurate understanding of the pathogenesis of this lesion, as well as a sound basis for recommendations on the design of protective headgear.

Conclusion

When you study and interpret your next aircraft accident, why not consider whether any of the linear abrasions and contusions about the victim's neck exactly correspond to part of the helmet and, if so, determine whether there is an associated lesion involving the cervicocranium. The simple procedure of fitting the helmet to the head, at autopsy, can define interesting relationships in reconstructing the mechanism of injury.

The Safety Center is most anxious to relate such findings to accumulated information stored in the existing data bank, in an attempt to better define the role of this lesion in aviation safety. Telephone us at the Naval Safety Center for any help we can offer in this, or any other related problems. (Autovon: 690-7926. Commercial: [804] 444-7926.)

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2. Schatzker J, Rorabeck CH and Waddell JP: Fractures of the dens (odontoid process). J Bone Joint Surg 53B(3)) Aug 1971.

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4. Schneider RC, Livingston KE, Cave AJE and Hamilton G: "Hangman's Fracture" of the cervical spine. J Neurosurg 22(2), Feb 1965.

Cross Country Rally

Bikers and their rights have been ignored long enough. And recently with the heavy pressure against the DOT and the NHTSA to force the loss of 10% of the allotted highway funds from the last die-hard states if they don't come across with helmet laws, we must either move or be moved upon.

The seatbelt interlock controversy lasted a big two years, before the people screamed loud enough that Congress acted; consequently —no more interlocks. The helmet law falls exactly under the identical constitutional interpretation with a far greater amount of sta-

tistical evidence to hold it there.

W.C. Wheelz of Salt Lake City, Utah, has busted his ass to raise nine bills for the purchase of television time to put out the word to the unfortunately ignorant public. The nine short tube spots are to encourage the public not to take the helmet for granted as if it were an impregnable suit of armor. He also wants our citizens to know that their rights are no longer interrupted with the seat-belt interlock law; however, the cyclists will soon be a decade without the same rights.

Wheelz is confident that there is a strong chance for a repeal of the Utah helmet law in the next session, if the biker's voice is heard loud enough to override the pressure applied by the non-elected appointees of the DOT and NHTSA in Washington. If the word doesn't get across, Salt Lake City bro's are in the planning stages for a run cross country, possibly in August, and would like road captains of clubs all across the nation to plant the idea and start thinking about such a cross-country protest to the nation's capital if our voice is still not recognized.

Recently Wheelz and his brothers went to a local University, where a woman with her master's in Speech and Hearing did a series of tests on their hearing, with and without helmets on. The findings, based on a one (normal hearing) to ten (deaf) range, showed that with a helmet on these people's hearing capabilities fell in the seven to eight group, which is categorized as severe hearing loss. But another freak aspect of helmets showed during these tests. When sound strikes the outer surface of a helmet it will not enter the ear from the same direction. For riders forced to wear helmets this may be old news, but the fact remains that if a truck pulls up on your right rear you may hear it as if it were on your left. Another nasty fact we are forced to contend with. Get in touch with Wheelz at 462 S. 2nd West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84100.

Reflectorized Plates Found Ineffective

Reflectorized license plates, currently in use in all but eleven states, are ineffective in reducing the incidence of nighttime rear-end collisions. This was the conclusion of highway research analyst Charles B. Stokes in a report prepared by the Virginia Highway Research Council.

Stokes based his findings on his 1971 experiment in which 100,000 reflectorized plates were randomly distributed throughout Virginia. An equal number of plates without the reflective quality were similarly distributed as a control.

A comparison of road traffic records of the two sets of vehicles for a full year showed "no statistically significant difference between the number of nighttime rear-end collisions of vehicles equipped with reflectorized license plates and that of vehicles equipped with control nonreflective license plates," Stokes said. Nor were there differences in fatalities, injuries, or rates of property damage, he found.

Complete information on the report (VHRC 73-R32) can be obtained by writing the Virginia Highway Research Council, Box 3817, University Station, Charlottesville, Va. 22203.—From the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety.

DOT Moves To Enforce Highway Rules

For the first time in its history, the Department of Transportation has formally moved to penalize states for failing to implement national highway safety standards.

In a joint **Federal Register** announcement, published Oct. 21, 1974, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration and the Federal Highway Administration said they have recommended that Transportation Secretary Claude S. Brinegar cut off highway safety funds for Maryland and Puerto Rico and reduce the two jurisdictions' federal highway aid by 10 per cent until they implement "a blood alcohol concentration test and the declaration that reaching or exceeding 0.10 pr cent BAC [blood alcohol concentration] renders a person 'intoxicated' or 'under the influence of alcohol.' "

DOT requires that each state have a law that defines drivers with blood alcohol concentrations of 0.10 per cent and above as "intoxicated" or "under the influence of alcohol." It also requires a "provision making it either unlawful, or presumptive evidence of illegality, if the blood-alcohol concentration of a driver equals or exceeds the limit so established." According to NHTSA and FHWA, Maryland and Puerto Rico are the only two jurisdictions in the U.S. that do not have such a law.

The law in both Maryland and Puerto Rico provides "for such tests on persons arrested for alcohol-involved driving but fails to specify that having a BAC of 0.10 per cent or higher is presumptive evidence of being intoxicated or driving under the influence," the agencies said. (Maryland considers 0.10 per cent as an "impaired" concentration. The penalties prescribed by the state for first convictions of driving while impaired are actually greater than those established by some other states for convictions of driving while intoxicated.) . . .

If Brinegar decides to invoke the penalties, DOT officials estimate that Maryland stands to lose more than $16 million annually. Puerto Rico could lose more than $3 million.

Earlier DOT had threatened to cut off funds to California, Iowa and Nebraska. Those states lack laws requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets. Nebraska also lacks adequate training for ambulance attendants, DOT said. Utah and Oklahoma also have what DOT considers substandard helmet laws and may shortly face federal funding threats, a DOT official told **Status Report.** (See **Status Report,** Vol. 9, No. 13, July 8, 1974.)

The agencies decided to postpone action against those states "until all states without motorcycle helmet laws can be considered as a group," a DOT spokesman said.

However, one DOT official said that FHWA Administrator Norbert T. Tiemann, former governor of Nebraska, "would not under any circumstances go along with penalizing Nebraska this year."

Ejner Johnson, Maryland's motor vehicle administrator, termed the agencies' decision "arbitrary and capricious." He told **Status Report** that "from a legalistic standpoint" Maryland is in compliance with the national standard. Johnson said that his state is in the "peculiar and paradoxical situation" of losing funds for what DOT considers non-compliance on one hand and on the other hand qualifying for bonus money under an NHTSA program that would reward states for fatality reductions. Puerto Rico would also be in a similar paradoxical situation, having recently received extra federal money for passing a safety belt use law. See **Status Report,** Vol. 9, No. 14, July 26, 1974.) —Insurance Institute for Safety.

Policing the Police

The Department of Transportation has announced it may request legislation mandating a cutoff in national highway funds to states deemed not doing enough to enforce speed limits.

Watch that proposal. It carries the seed of a national police force, if for no other reason than to police the police.—From Fairbanks, Alaska's **News-Miner**

Massachusetts: Deacon and his brothers at D&D Custom have managed to get a bill filed in the House of Representatives to repeal the helmet law. Deacon urges bikers all over the state to contact him or Dave at D&D Custom (617) 459-4702.

New York: Warren Bennett said recently that he has found a Senator with the same interests that the bikers of New York have. Senator Owen H. Johnson, from West Babylon, Long Island, has been in touch with Warren and is interested in the support that can be mustered to see a helmet repeal through. Consequently Warren encourages New York brothers to contact the following groups and people to find out what they can do to support Senator Johnson's interest in the helmet law's defeat. Warren Bennet, c/o B&B Cycle Works, 1219 Central Avenue, Albany, N.Y. 12205. George Vigars, (518) 869-6750, or 459-2320. ABATE of N.Y., Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205. N.Y.M.R.O., 1062½ Main St. E., P.O. Box 3899, Rochester, N.Y. 14610.

Arizona: Recently ABATE received the following letter from the Arizona State Senate: Gentlemen, I have been informed that your organization is compiling materials supporting repeal of motorcycle helmet laws.

As the question of repeal may come up in the next session of the legislature, I would appreciate it if you would supply us with any materials you might have gathered. I am especially interested in any studies you might have concerning helmet interference with the rider's ability to see or hear, problems of heat fatigue, and possibilities of increased injury or death resulting from helmet use. Sincerely, Tom Finnerty, Legislative Research Analyst, Capitol Building, Senate Wing #15, Phoenix, Arizona 85007.

Also, Jerry Timm, a new resident of Arizona, wishes to get brothers together all over his state in support of bikers' rights and freedom of the road. Jerry helped Bill Orce organize an ABATE chapter in Illinois which has confronted and stopped some bum legislation from reaching the law books. Jerry can be contacted at Box 13103, Lake Havasu City, Arizona 86403.

Connecticut: A court test case of Connecticut's motorcycle safety helmet regulation opened with wrangling of statistics.

Attorneys for thirty-two motorcyclists charged with failing to wear regulation helmets have asked for a dismissal, claiming that the laws are unconstitutional, arbitrary and dangerous.

Of the thirty-two persons who died on motorcycles this year in Connecticut, 20 were wearing helmets and twelve were not. To carry this a bit further, in New York, before the mandatory helmet law came into being, there were 1.7 percent of the deaths on motorcycles attributed to neck injuries. After the law came into effect there were 38 percent of the deaths attributed to neck injuries. Does that say something?—From **Biker News**

Many American drivers are returning to their old speed habits. They are oblivious to the high cost of fuel they are wasting or unimpressed by any fuel-saving emergency. On the average, they are not traveling as fast as they did a year ago.

But surveys indicate a large number—perhaps a majority—are not obeying the national speed limit of 55 miles per hour. They are paying for their driving habits in more ways than fuel consumption. In many states the number of motorists stopped for speeding has doubled in the last year.

At least, a great majority of speeders are not caught. Police officials say there are so many speeders it is not physically possible to catch more than a small fraction of them. ■

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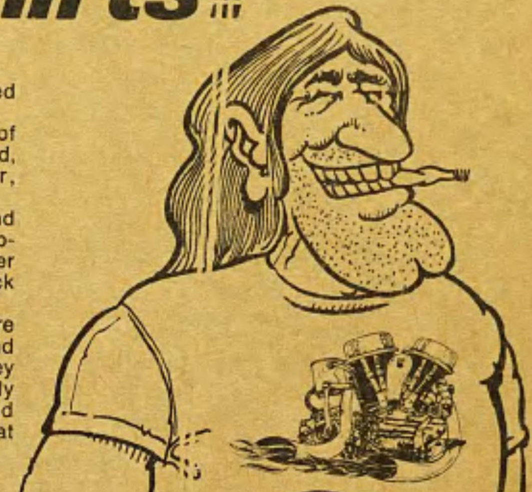

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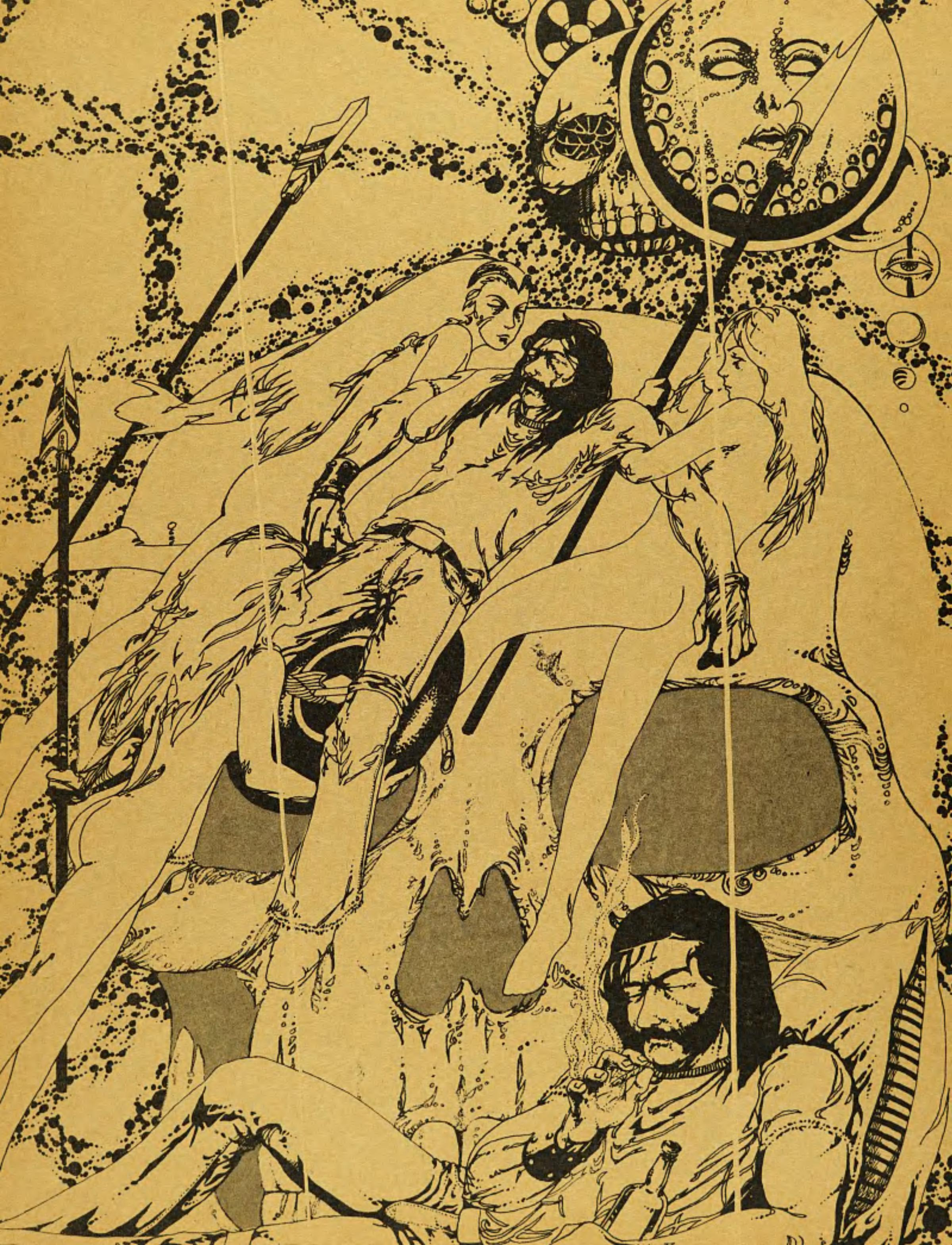

Open Season

Cold can of beer dripping moisture on my sweaty belly. Lying sprawled comfortably under a tree, looking up. Grass cool and tickling on the back of my neck. Don't know what kind of tree it is, botany or whatever not being one of my strong points, but it's a big tree and green and the sun shining down through the branches and leaves reminds me of the way a chick I used to know smiled at me. Bright and pretty. Real pretty.

My scoot is parked behind some bushes behind a billboard down the hill. Last thing I need right now is a hassle with the local pickup truckers. Easy Rider Raiders, you know. Just raised up from the slammer after a two-year bit behind some bullshit hassle as it is. It was righteous, the way my ol' lady waited for me. But . . . time has a way of putting everybody's heads through some heavy changes. It did us, and something, somehow, was gone when I got out, so as my bike was road-ready again, I sloped. Her idea. She said I needed to run free for a while, without her or anybody, to get my head together again. Maybe she was right. That was Tuesday. It's Friday now. From Cleveland to wherever I am, somewhere in Tennessee, on my way to New Orleans. Maybe I'll call her when I get there. Maybe she'll come down. Maybe we can make it. Maybe. Got a gig waiting for me, that's something. Working in a chopper shop. Maybe I'll stick. Maybe the next fool profiling his way into my face won't have a bum ticker and die falling when I swing back, shoving a manslaughter charge up my ass. Maybe. Awful lot of goddam maybes kickin' around.

Squirrels in the tree. Chattering. I swear to God it sounds like those little dudes are talking to each other. Wonder why trees take off their leaves in the fall? Seems like that's when they'd want them on. Feels good, being here. Warm, a little breeze blowin'. And open! Free! No jailhouse stink in my nostrils. Blew that out at a hundred flat way back up the highway. Too bad the ol' lady isn't packin' along. Would have been outasight, bare-assed in the grass. But fuck . . . like them bloods say, it be's that way sometimes.

Roll up a little jay now to top that brew off. Drag it down deep, holdin' it, watching a leaf play in the air as it falls. Echo sound from somewhere, pretty far off. Shotgun, it sounded like. Autumn. Squirrels shutting up all of a sudden, just like cons when a hack walks down the range. Yeah, it computes. Goddam shame, though. Seems like the little dudes should get a chance to shoot back once in a while. Wonder how many fearless hunters'd be out in the woods then. Wonder what would've jumped off if turkeys'd had axes when the Pilgrims first came around rapping about Thanksgiving. Helluva lot to wonder about when a man's got room to think.

Lot of traffic down on the highway. Been a long time since I heard moving sounds. Cars sort of zipping. Trucks whooshing. Funny, I haven't heard a bike whinin' by since I've been here. There's that shotgun again. Boss squirrel ought to throw nuts at the sonofabitch. Give it another hour or so for sundown and the traffic to ease, then I'll roll. Jesus, the way I feel now I could stand it up and do a wheelie from here to Bourbon Street! Sure is pretty, looking up at the sky through those leaves. Peaceful . . .

Valley News—An unidentified man was discovered shot to death in a wooded area near Rt. 441 yesterday by two hunters out for the opening day of squirrel season. A spokesman for the sheriff's department reported that a motorcycle of the "chopped hog" type bearing out of state license plates was found off the road nearby after an intensive search of the area disclosed two-wheeled tire tracks leading into dense underbrush from the highway. The motorcycle, according to informed sources, appeared to have been deliberately concealed there.

Identification of the body had not been made at press time, but sheriff's deputies disclosed that drugs and other paraphernalia found at the scene will provide leads to identification of the deceased as well as shedding light on the possible motive for what appears at this time to be a gang-style execution slaying, similar to those that are prevalent in many urban areas where outlaw motorcycle armies reign in open defiance of law and order. ■

By Jody Via

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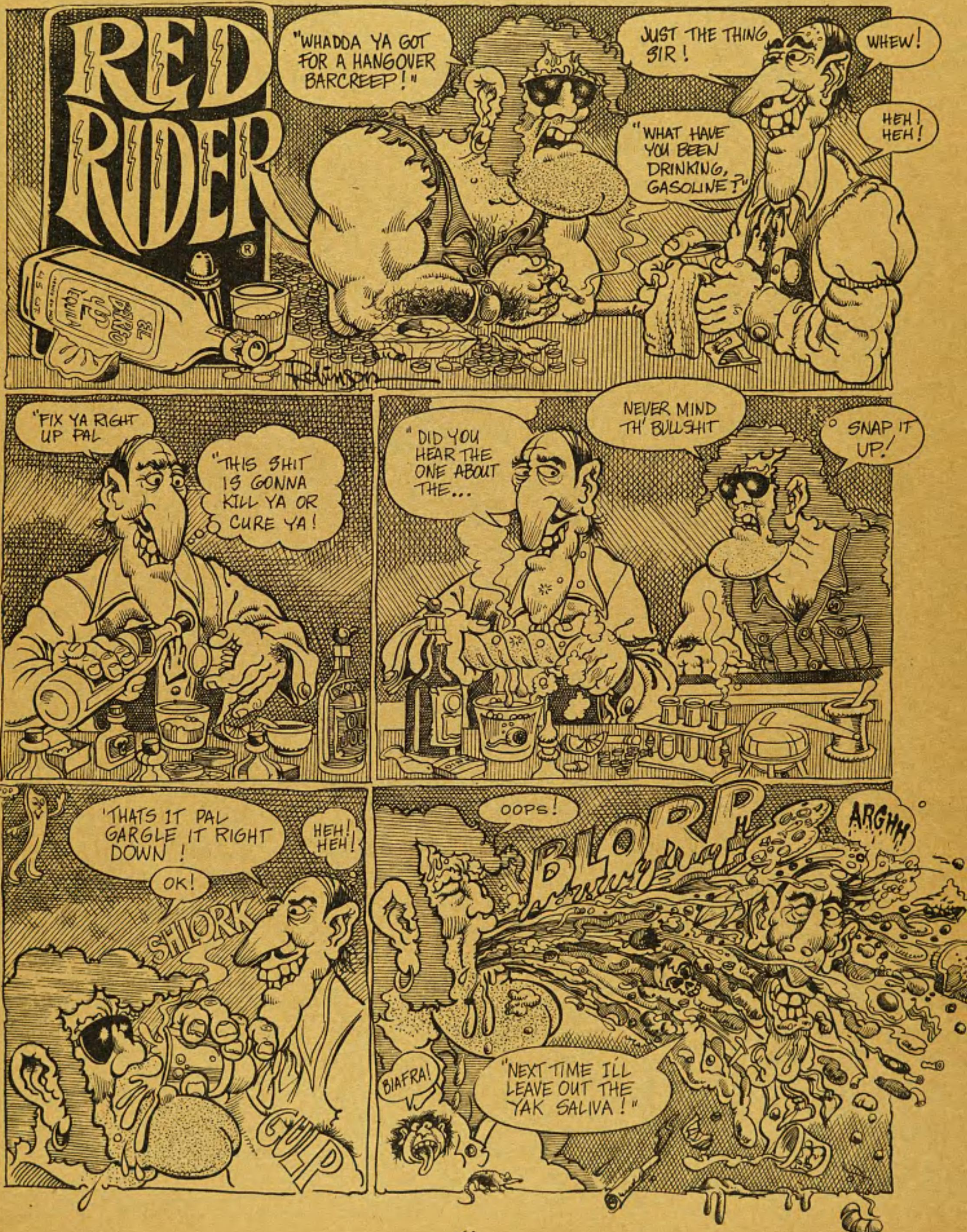
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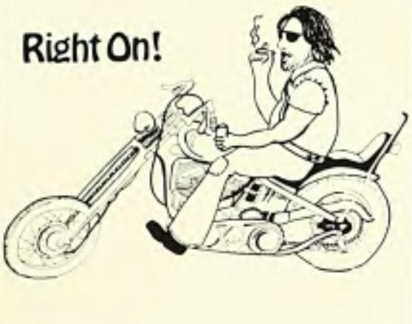

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Welcome!

—Continued from page 21

—poised to drink the hate of each other's soul—to justify what was about to take place.

"All right, asshole. If that's the way you want it."

Measure's right hand moved unconsciously to the small pocket low on the side of his right leg and slid into the black-braided leather thong of the nine-ounce sap. Thick, ripple-soled beat shoes took three steps and his black-glove-clad left hand reached across and seized the right shoulder of Number Three. He jerked, spinning the thin frame around and into the brick wall.

Number Four looked over at the scuffling action and a spark from his past chewed up into the drug-dulled present, causing him to reach out and arrest the sap-swinging hand in its downward arch.

"God damn it!"

A shaky hand jerked involuntarily and a finger tightened only a single, silly millimeter on a splinter of steel. The explosion drowned the scuffling, slapping sound of shoe-leather against the sidewalk and a spew of eight soft lead slugs sprayed into the fighting men. One mushrooming pellet caught Number One over the bridge of his nose. He dropped, dead before his body slumped sack-like to the sidewalk, and blackish-red goo dribbled from the .32-caliber hole in his face.

Two of the pellets slapped into Number Two, tearing at his throat like a giant hatchet. He clutched at empty air, fell to his knees and sucked frothy blood into his lungs. He drowned in his own fluid as he wore the flesh from clawing fingers on the rough-finished concrete of the sidewalk.

Pellets four, five, six, and seven found a place in the side of a ninety-seven-year-old building and sent chips of red brick flying. The eighth slug chewed through the basket-weave gunbelt and chopped a vertebra out of John

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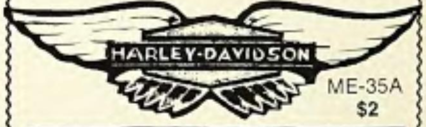

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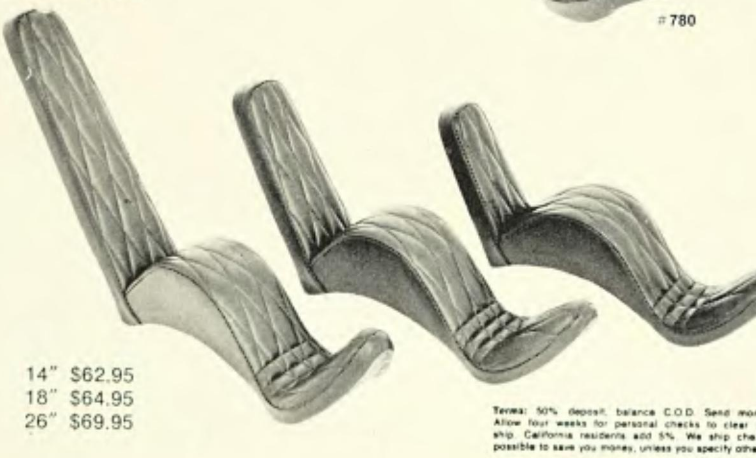

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Measure's spine. It then split—one half gouging into a kidney—the other, along with a splinter of bone, cut out through the flesh in a red spray.

An animal scream from the dying cop sounded in unison with the second blast of the Browning, this one intentional. Two more bodies were smashed to the ground to add to the growing river of blood coursing toward the gutter.

As the last two fell, Jim Marshall fled to the patrol car and jerked the mike from the dashboard, pressed the red button and half-screamed, "This is a 999. One-Tango-six with a 999 at 10069 Fourth Avenue."

Almost instantly the smooth voice of the dispatcher came through the speakers in the cars patrolling the city.

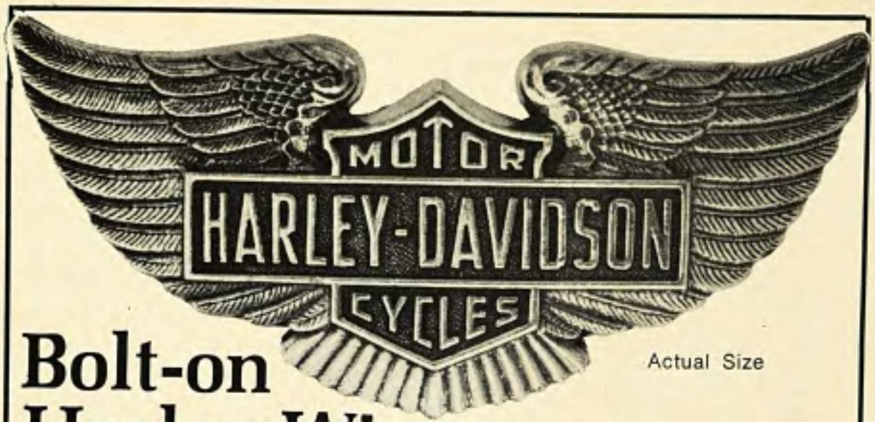
"All units . . . All Units—in the vicinity of Fourth and Century—A 999. Shots fired . . . Officer needs assistance. All units respond."

Marshall looked out through the window at the spilled bodies just in time to see Number Three raise the six-inch-barreled Colt he had pulled from the bloody holster strapped to the body of the crumpled policeman. It was a dead man who steadied the blue steel revolver and squeezed off one round of Supervel ammunition. The soft, copper-jacketed slug was propelled by a magnum load and it snapped through the wind-wing, leaving a spider web in the glass.

Slightly flattened, the blob of lead ripped into the face below the blue helmet. A splash of crimson exploded where a face had been and the hand-held mike clattered to the floor to join the Browning shotgun. Blood sprinkled down on the mike and the gun as sirens screamed out in the night, telling the world that the city's finest were coming to the rescue. Atop the car the revolving red light glared around and around.

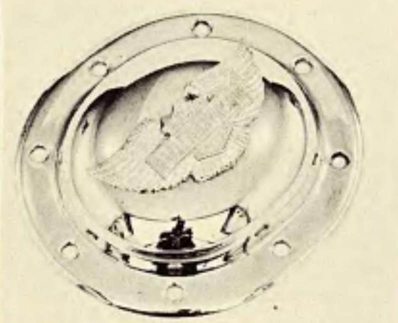
The six-inch-barreled Colt clattered to the sidewalk and Number Three spoke his last words.

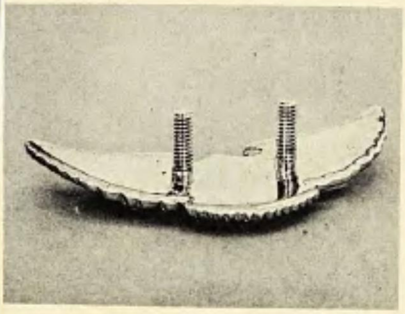
"Welcome home—to hell . . . you motherfucker!" ■



Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size





Now you can bolt these huge Harley Wings to your derby cover, sissy bar, or wherever you want—for we have designed expensive dies to include two ¼-inch bolts as an integral part of the wings—one solid unit—not soldered on.

Photos shown are actual size. They're solid metal, weigh almost a half pound. They're individually made and are either triple chrómed or bronzed plated for a lifetime of rugged use.

Each unit is of the same fine quality as all other Righteous Products—same high quality materials, workmanship, and intricate detail.

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Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund of your money.

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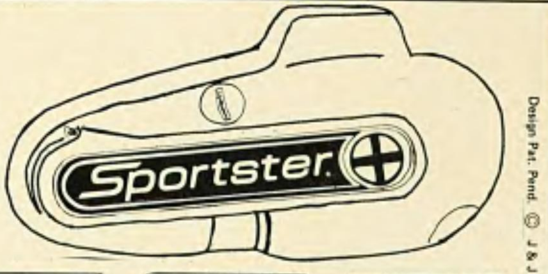
Now you can replace or decorate your late model primary cover insert on your Sportster!



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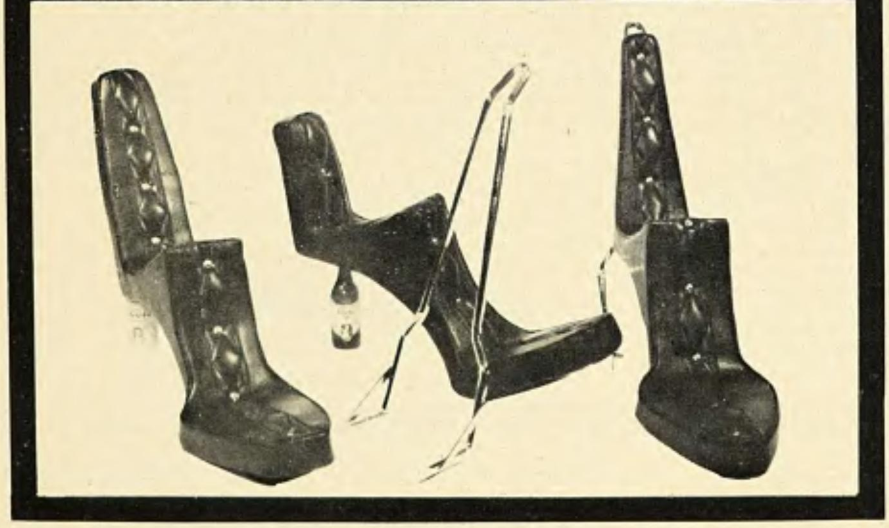


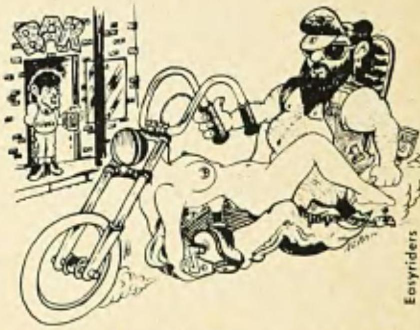
Scooter People

—Continued from page 33

cretion. Therefore, the attractions of northern Chihuahua drew me like a homing pigeon.

Inquiring my way around in El Paso, however, resulted in my being informed by respectable citizens that I had received a bum steer. (And this in Texas; a cow country!) They told me that associating myself with Villa would establish me as an adventurer in the British sense, but my name would be "mud" in polite society. So, I stayed in El Paso and got a job, and went to school. In due course, as no airplanes were available, and I didn't have enough money anyway, I bought a motorcycle and began running around with a bunch of nuts who called themselves the "Hounds." They were mixed Mexican and American, from fifteen to twenty years of age. There were some thirty of us and our chief aim in life was excitement, either natural or created, and we were always ready and willing to assist nature.

Only one of the motorcycles had electric lights. Four of the others had carbide lights, and the rest, including mine, no lights at all. The war was over, but forces everywhere were on short rations, and we got by nicely by letting the moon supply the deficiency. In this era of enlightenment and prosperity, I shall explain to the reader the following phrase which I use to describe our financial condition: "We were nearly always broke." It means, dear reader, that our funds were in short supply, that we were busted, that we didn't have no dough. I elucidate, to acquaint the reader with the reason for a ritual we performed, not that it is unique, or confined to El Paso, but to show, possibly, how



Easyriders

"Man, Fat Frank can sure mold a bike!"

customs develop. We, at times (I cannot say "on rare occasions"), needed gas on the cuff, as well as in the tank.

The esteemed Senor Alfredo Antonio Ortega Ramon Ignacio y Guzman drove a flivver truck for one of of the service companies. He was the father of one of the Hounds, and a Spanish gentleman of the old school. An impressive man, he sat at the tiller of the ancient flivver truck with all the aplomb and dignity of Augustus on the throne, all two hundred and eighty-five pounds of him. His face wore a grin to announce his inner peace with the world, and good humor hung over him like an aura.

The Hound with the depleted tank would approach with the plaint, "Oyes, Gooz, da me leche?" (Oh, Gooz, give me milk?), with the same intonation and gestures as a child to its mother. Gooz's grin would almost meet behind his ears. The joke meant additional revenue from peddling the company's gas, and his large family absorbed enough of his earnings to interfere seriously with his attendance at the cock fights in Juarez. Gooz would immediately assume a conspiratorial air. Glancing furtively from right to left, with the grin intact, he would reply, "Wait and I'll see how things are." "Things" meant the results shown by a foot rule dropped in to measure the contents of the flivver's twenty-four-gallon tank. If "things" were all right, the two-wheeled calf would soon be nursing alongside the flivver truck and one or two gallons of "leche" would be hosed into its vitals. Twice, during my sojourn in El Paso, the flivver's carburetor was changed, new coils installed and the engine worked on in a vain effort to cut down its unbelievably high fuel consumption. I once listened to an argument between garage mechanics who serviced it. That was a mistake. The internal pressures I suppressed almost busted a (three-letter word meaning intestine) and must have been responsible for me being a physical wreck now.

The fact that I was a recent accretion to their ranks, an interloper, an upstart so to speak, aroused a peculiar Latin jealousy on the part of two or three of the Hounds. One of them, Alphonse, assured me with conviction that my riding was so reckless and unskilled that it would only be a short time before I would kill myself. His opinion was the

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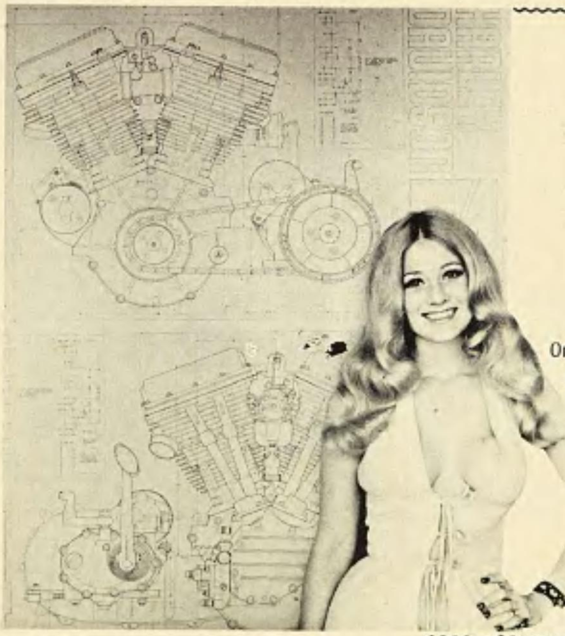

Full Sized Engineering Drawings

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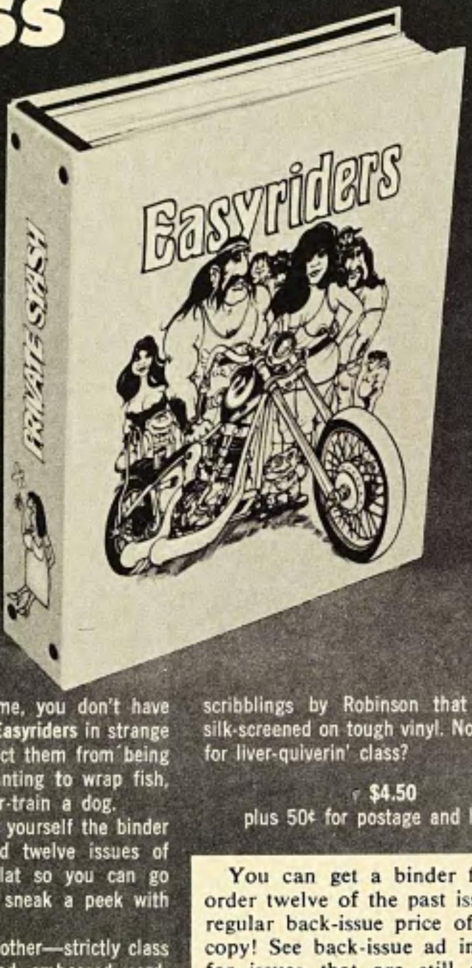
If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

Class



Now, for the first time, you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peek with ease.

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribblings by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

$4.50
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You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the past issues at our regular back-issue price of $1.00 per copy! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: **Back Issues**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

☐ Enclosed is $12.00 (plus $1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.

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Name ....

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City .... State .... Zip ....

reason for an almost obligatory function I often performed.

This stunt was referred to as "Inspecting Skyline Drive," up on Mount Franklin. The drive had just been graveled, and had lovely steep grades up and down. It was the kind of road where the riders in the rear hang on to the edge of the seats or other upholstery and look at the floor or shut their eyes, while life passes mentally before them. There were lots of places where it was a long, long way down. The object was to hit the summit together, and then see who could get down fastest. You desperate guys, try that, sometime! The lord is supposed to keep an eye on drunks and infants. To this number you may confidently add young ex-army pilots on motorcycles. For my machine generally hit bottom first. This griped Alphonse's soul. So did another peculiar occurrence.

There was then, maybe still is, an eatery on Stanton Street run by an elderly German and his beauteous daughter. A dozen or so of us would descend on the place, all of the others announcing loudly what they were going to have. With my innate modesty, I always forebore to name the components of the prospective feed, but when we were seated and all of us were studying the bills of fare, I would be first to select some item and order it. The next guy would say "gimme the same," and the next and the next, and so on until the whole crowd would order what I had. For some reason, my choice was always a good one, but this also bothered Alphonse. He had the immortal crust to accuse me of being in cahoots with old Oscar, working with him to move his excess grub. It was only my army training, resulting in quick decisions, to take and like whatever food came my way. One fellow, known to be superstitious, commented on the frequency of this happening to my friend Pedro, who assured him solemnly, "Es brujeria!" (It's witchcraft!). Overhearing this, on the next occasion I used a diamond glass cutter with Pedro's connivance and cut off the neck of the ketchup bottle in our booth, sticking it back on with ketchup. Just before the customers left, the waitresses would always grab the sauce and ketchup bottles and wipe them off. So, just as she reached for it, I made mysterious motions and the waitress hauled back only the neck of the ketchup bottle. Pedro

Far-Out Decals

Decal freaks wake up! Here's a couple of Robinson designed decals that will make your leg wet—and at a low leg wettin' price too!

Both are in full color. One is Harley wings (5-1/4" x 2-1/2"), and the other is a red skull, with white pills for eyes and a joint sticking out of its mouth. It is the exact tear-drop shape (2-3/4" x 2") to fit on your Linkert carb cover.

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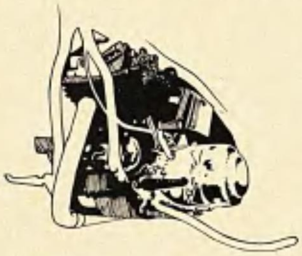
looked at the superstitious one with a confirmatory nod. "Es brujeria!" he said, with a straight face, and the other guys' perplexity bordered on fright.

A day or so after this, twenty-two of us had ventured the thirty-five miles west to the city of Las Cruces, New Mexico. We headed back about sundown, on the road which had not been paved and was only two ruts through the sagebrush. My machine was one of those with a lunar headlight, and I trailed behind with the rest of the lightless ones, following the aristocrat with the electric headlight, and the lesser luminaries with the gas lamps. As was customary and inevitable, rivalry between the riders caused one to spurt ahead, then another, and soon, unable to keep up without lights, I found myself alone. Peering ahead to see the ruts, at about fifteen to twenty miles an hour, I traveled for



five or six minutes. Then I felt the throb of another motor behind me, and in a moment, red-headed Alphonse pulled up alongside. We shouted greetings and continued along the road for two or three minutes more, but conditions were too peaceful for Red. He gunned his engine and left me, I gunned mine, over-hauled and left him. He did the same to me again. Now my blood was up! I opened the throttle wide and moved out. The sagebrush flew by too fast to see any detail, and the road got bumpy. Shutting off the throttle a second, I listened but couldn't hear Red's motor, so I gunned mine again and kept going bumpily for several minutes. Suddenly I was flying! The next moment the machine dropped at least two feet, and I slowed in a hurry. Mystified, I looked around. I was on the road, everything normal. The sound of an engine came from the west, and I said to myself, "I'll wait for Red." Instead of Red, the vanguard of the machines with lights came through the sagebrush, and soon twenty or so of the most mystified riders you ever saw crowded around me. "How did you get here? Didn't

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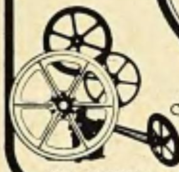

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we leave you and Red several miles back? Where's Red?" they hurled at me. To which I only smiled a mysterious smile. I didn't know myself what happened until later. Looking at a map, I discovered that I had shortened a great curve by cutting across the sagebrush and then had dropped back down onto the road. The superstitious guy looked at me darkly. He didn't like it.

The road got better as we neared El Paso and I stayed slightly ahead of the others with lights. At the little town of Canutillo we were drifting along at about twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, me in the lead, when a large herd of horses came up from the Rio Grande and started to cross the road. Something must have stampeded them, because the noise of the oncoming motorcycles didn't turn them. They came over fast. One of the leaders stopped momentarily to rear his head high enough in the air for me to pass under his neck. All the other riders managed to stop. If they hadn't they would have been knocked over and trampled. There were a lot of horses going somewhere, and they weren't stopping. I shut my engine off and when the dust began drifting away, I observed curious activity among the riders. They were looking for something, on the road and down the bank from which the horses had come. Cries of astonishment greeted me as I approached. "Mira! Es Mac!" (Look, it's Mac!) "We thought you were trampled by the horses! How did you get through? No one else got through!" Pete carefully caught the superstitious guy's eye. "Es brujeria!" he informed him, knowingly.

All of us being sociable guys, what the highbrows call gregarious, we frequently went to "see" the Smalley brothers. The Smalley brothers were probationary traffic cops; each tipped the scales at a hundred and forty-five or fifty pounds, five feet seven or eight, young and of undeveloped ethics. In fact, word got around that they would pinch their own mother. This alone would not have stirred us to the depths, but it was divulged that they were Mormons. We knew no more of Mormons than we did of the Orphic Mysteries, but that finished it. They were anathema.

"Seeing" the Smalley brothers meant finding out from brothers of the blood—that is, those who rode the two-wheelers—where the Smalleys were cruising or lurking

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behind signboards. We would go by, fast enough to stir them to action. They would go after us in the cut-down flivver they used in their operations and we would let them get up speed. When they were rolling nicely we would turn quickly in the middle of the block ahead, and come back down the street. As we met them, it grieves me to say we thumbed our noses. Their lips were always moving as we passed, but we could not hear their salutations above the roar of the open cutouts.

One of the brothers could not endure the gall and wormwood so he bought a 1917 Army Harley motorcycle and learned to ride. We heard he was announcing that retribution was at hand and, for some reason, it was aimed particularly at me. Retribution, however, was slow in catching up. My motor was faster than his, the first time we met. For the good of his soul and the honor of the clan, it was therefore my duty to impress him with the fact continually and offensively, which resulted in reports that he would thenceforth devote his life to "getting" me. He never "got" me while my wheels were rolling, but one day I sat outside the motorcycle shop with one leg draped over the tank. The motor was cold and the machine was up on its stand. Suddenly, one of the riders, who was working on his machine, looked up and said in a low voice "Hay viene!" (He comes) and I looked up to see my nemesis drifting up quietly behind me with his engine off. I got into action promptly but couldn't kick my cold motor into life fast enough to get away. He unloaded so fast that in his excitement he forgot to lift his machine up on the stand. (This was before the days of the side or "Lazy Man" stand) and it fell over, denting his tank, bending one handlebar and breaking one rubber grip. He heard the crash and realized what had happened, but he could not be diverted by trifles. The look of pain was replaced by one of grim rage. On dismounting he had commenced a lightning draw of his single-action Colt .45, which would have squelched me forevermore. However, someone had talked him into wearing a holster with an open end which was an inch too short for the barrel, and the front sight hung his draw up long enough to convert it into an embarrassing fumble. He waved the gun at me. In his agitation, he had forgotten to draw the hammer back, and an uncocked

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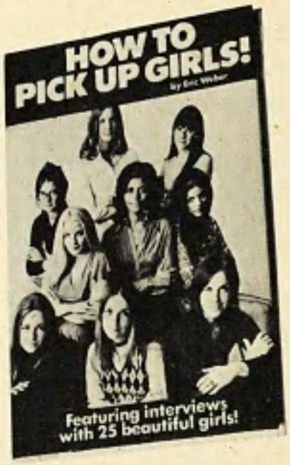

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The strap is dark brown and, in addition to brass rivets, it is also machine stitched along the edge and has a two-inch-wide buckle. We guarantee it to be of the best leather you can buy, and of excellent workmanship, or your money is refunded.

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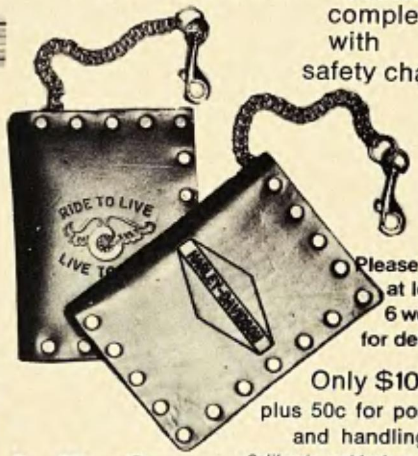

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single-action pistol in a showdown is about as useful as a doorknob. I was wondering why someone didn't take him in hand and tell him the facts of life, when his brother drove up in the flivver and both of them hauled me off to the calabozo, me, an inoffensive citizen, peacefully seated outside the motorcycle shop, harming no one. It was an outrage! He had also drawn a gun on me! Things began moving: a delegation of some good heads in town as well as the motorcycle bunch, went to see the judge and told him I had just gotten out of the army, had been profusely and enthusiastically shot up. They really laid it on. Right after lunch my case was called and I went up before him. To my astonishment, as I had not known about anyone seeing the judge, he reached down and shook hands with me, calling me by my given name. He asked about my army service, my wounds, etc., and apologized for the traffic cop's drawing the gun on me, saying that he had exceeded himself. That judge was certainly a prince of a man. Later, I learned that he had a son in the army who also had been wounded.

Several days after, coming in about ten-thirty at night from an expedition into New Mexico, we spied the cop's motorcycle outside his girl's house. An inspiration from above hit me between the eyes! We went to the motorcycle shop and emptied two quart-size Pyrene fire extinguishers, came back, and while the others stood watch, I poured the two quarts into his gas tank. We then withdrew to strategic spots to observe. After about forty minutes he came out, and while his girl watched with dumb admiration he performed the mysterious preliminaries, gave one nonchalant kick, and the motor started with a roar. As this rarely happens in the presence of a girl, you could hear the snap as his ego expanded. He gunned it for the benefit of the neighbors, waved grandiloquently to the girl, and roared off. We followed.

Five blocks away his motor died. The Greek tragedians were handicapped. Did they have personal experience with a motorcycle engine as irrevocably, as immutably, as uncompromisingly dead as a pickled herring? They should have a Smalley, late at night, with a motorcycle that had borne him, on one kick, from a joyful evening with his best girl; they should have watched the Jovian thunderbolt, abstracted

from the Pyrene fire extinguisher as it blasted implacable tragedy, black doom into his defenseless dome. Little did he sense what impended. He satisfied himself that he had turned the gas on, so he tickled the float, wiggled both grips with assurance, climbed up on the starter and kicked. And kicked. And kicked. The way he kicked should be spelled with capitals! Sounds then reached our ears. They had started as low mutterings but expanded in volume and clarity until they reached our ears as prayers, to the powers both above and below, for we heard them addressed in both directions. At least, the intensity of feeling gave us the idea they were prayers, until words reached us that convinced us to our horror that he was swearing. He *was* swearing! What he called that motorcycle would have discouraged the manufacturers for life! He flooded his carburetor with nary a peep. He took the cover off his magneto and inspected the points. Then he disconnected one spark plug wire, kicked some more, but the gods were against him. He didn't get a bite!

At twelve-thirty, after draining his crankcase into the street, he went to a filling station for a can of oil. He refilled his oil tank and pumped oil into his crankcase and tried a few kicks with fresh energy, as if somehow he had fooled the engine and it would now go. After a futile while, cold suspicion reared its ugly head, and he removed the gas cap and sniffed the contents. It smelled good! He stuck two fingers down into the tank, withdrew them, and sniffed them as he felt the stuff evaporate. Pyrene does evaporate nicely, and the gas killed the odor. Reassurance filled his soul and he again began kicking his life away. And as he kicked, there poured forth into the night air a flood of eloquence imbued with such wholehearted sincerity as belonged to the days of the old square-riggers, and which at times bordered on hysteria.

The time was one forty-five. Hush! And bend your ears to hear. Some evil person, some graceless wretch, totally lacking in Christian attributes, some unregenerate louse, had called his girl, telling her he was in trouble at such and such a place. She and her mother had dressed and hurried to him. Or rather, to within a block of him. They had looked, listened in shocked disbelief, and fled back to their domicile, never to see him again, for he went over the hill two days later! ■

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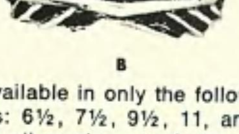
A



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Wanted: **Easyriders** numbers 3, 5, 14, and 24 complete and in excellent condition at $1.00 per copy. Garold Stogdill, 108 East South Street, Bloomfield, Iowa 52537. (28)

Wanted: Harley K-Model, "45," and knucklehead parts; anything and everything: from cases to frames. Sportster heads and barrels wanted also. Gary Goins, 1732 87th Avenue, Oakland, California 94621. (28)

WARNING: If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't FUCK with it . . . Clever and amusing sticker, put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each, 3/$1.00, R. Kautz, Dept. ER-5, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (28)

FUCK HELMET LAWS or Helmet Laws Suck—Pick from these two stickers to show your feeling for helmet laws. Stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each, 3/$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-2, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (28)

Round belt buckles, 2-1/4" diameter with large raised swastika. Solid, polished brass. Fast delivery. $4.98 each. Can put some club colors on buckles. Send design for estimate. Dave Cheek, 4517-1/2 East 20th, Kansas City, Missouri 64127.

Michigan rider planning on seeing U.S.A. and Canada this year. Would like to hear from anyone from other states. P.S. Australia to Far Nerelle. Tommie D., 23030 Beech, Dearborn, Michigan. (28)

The Connecticut Motorcycle Association is selling T-shirts to raise bucks for lawyers and court fees in order to defeat the helmet law. The T-shirts are white, with big bright blue letters spelling "Helmet laws suck." They are available in small, medium, large, and extra-large for only $4.00 each. Write to: T-Shirts, c/o C.M.A., P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06601. (28)

'72 500 Honda. Jardine headers, sissy bar, $950. Blue. (515) 842-3457 (Iowa). Will store for winter. Don. (28)

Evel Knievel jump site photos. Say you were there! Ten different color photos for $9.50. Send to Evel, P. O. Box 171, Clinton, Maryland 20735. (28)

Help! Had my FX ripped and don't have the bucks to get another scoot. This is straight tongue—so send your pennies, please. Ted Gimza, c/o 1051 N. Avers, Chicago, Illinois 60651. (28)

For Sale: 74 trike frame and rear end, $250. 45 trike frame and rear end, $220. 45 trike engine parts. Kicker gears and side covers. Bow leg frames, raked, $200. Square bow leg frames, raked, $230. Custom raked frame, $240. (512) 927-5511. (28)

1937 motorcycle posters: H-D or Indian, $1.00 each postpaid. Chris Kusto, 621 Schultz, Sparta, Michigan 49345. (28)

Harley rider looking for righteous chick who likes to ride and party. Write: Peace Maker, 116 Rosetta Ct., Cincinnati, Ohio 45246. (28)

Dropped my left flywheel on my right foot. Now I need an ol' lady to kick my stroker over. Ben T. Dick, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

'73 Shovel, lower end balanced, Joe Hunt mag, Sebring electrics, Alphabet collector, cradle frame, fat bobs, XA front end, $1,995. (317) 283-2441 or 253-6656. (28)

Old-timer needs complete Speed-E-Shift (see ER #23, pages 38-41) to bring his scoot back to life. Any info, leads, etc. leading to purchase of one of these jobs? Send price to: M. Roca, P.O. Box 1709, Thousand Oaks, California 91360. (28)

Please help. Totaled out my scoot on a piece of Jap shit and can't seem to get enough coin for another one. And am burning up with fever. Please help me ride again. Please send a donation. And address. A Brother, Michael Manning, 801 West 2nd Street, Rockfalls, Illinois 61071. (28)

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Chopper parts at B & B Cycle Works, 1219 Central Ave., Albany, New York 12205. (28)

Harley Flathead 45 engines $175. Rebuilt $295. Lots of older Harley parts. Check us out. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone 316-682-4781. (28)

Mail Call

The following names and addresses are bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from girls. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can listed every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received.

Ohio biker jammed up in Arizona prison would like to hear from chicks. Kevin Collins #32867, A.S.P.-Box B, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Solid gent needs some scribes. Charles Truman, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Any willing females willing to write. Harry Bowdin, Box 100, Vienna, Illinois 62945.

I've been in this joint so long I'm beginning to think there really isn't any such thing as a free world beyond that front gate! Thomas Oler #23634, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Four dudes down for a while crave some letters from some young foxes, will answer all. Richard Flores #02672-156, John D. Koop #34006-115, Corey Ressler #87925-132, Jimmy Davis #87135-132, PMB 1000-D-319, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Do up a number, then write me, will ya? Jim Brannan #239431, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

Real Harley lover just caught a tray at the Board and needs some female correspondence to ease the pain! James C. Ramey, 88805, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

And I'm only nineteen. Please write. Claude B. Dyers, #34068-118, "C" Unit, Federal Correctional Institution, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Lesbians, whatever, write this sex-crazed con. Mark C. Garrett #89916, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Let's get married. Write Louis 'Lucky' Botelho, P.O. Box 608, Apt. 4-18, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Biker wants to hear from bitches, no serious shit. David G. Fero, San Quentin Prison, P.O. Box B24060, Cell 4d47, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Could dig hearing from some scooter-loving females. Charles Pinyard, P.O. Box 39460, Soledad, California 93960.

I would very much appreciate some young ladies to correspond with. Peter Cornellier, 9689-116, P.O. Box W, Lompoc Calif. 93436.

Some chick could make this stay less of a bummer. Ralph Hopkins #137640, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

A Breed Brother needs scribes. Donald Treftz #90103, P.O. Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Penn. 15233.

Would like outsiders to drop me a line or something. Jamie Llewellyn #87-362 Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely black sure could dig hearing from black chicks. Lamont Haywood Ruffix #123044, Maryland State Penitentiary, 954 Forrest Street GD215, Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

Would appreciate some correspondence with a couple of fine ladies. Chuck Warren 626744, Rod Warney 630093, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

I sure could use some good vibes. David Ross #036101, U.S.N.S., P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

I got plenty of time to write; how 'bout you! K. W. Le May #39942, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Three "Dear Johns" weren't no rush. Please write. Ronnie Stouall, #68089-L, Box 188, LaGrange, Kentucky 40031.

Would ya write if I sent ya a self-addressed stamped envelope? Lorald Clawson, Box 250, Draper, Utah 84020.

The West Coast Nomads, a club started on the inside, is putting out a rag for their bro's inside, and they need photos and letters to get it together. West Coast Nomads, c/o Joe Nanny #17275, P.O. Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

I'm a funky con lookin' for some scribes. Michael Brinker #13173, Box No. PMB 1000, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

Three white "sickies" in great need of a little more than their right hands. Write to: Paul Beconsall, Box B-45101-A; Jack Martin, Box B-51273; Tim Wagner, Box B-53846, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Nothin' like bein' put away for protectin' yourself. Write John Gunieu, B41450, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Did the crime, now doing my time. Could dig hearing from chicks in the free world. Sam Rangel, B-52644, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

A friend of mine wrote you people and now has a good trip going. Mike Lynch #5020 P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Another brother needs some mail. David S. Ward, P.O. Box 69-137960, London, Ohio 43140.

Hey, freaky chicks, write a freak! Lloyd H. Pond #34374-118-Sauk., Box 1000, Oxford, Wisconsin 53952.

Looking for some crazy or just nutty chicks to write. Jerry Tavanese, Box 00, West Concord, Mass. 01742.

I am doing a 1 to 15, 1 to 14, and a 5 to life. Give me a break. Milton W. Jones B-55153, P.O. Box 2210 52-04, Susanville, California 96130.

I need some help and understanding from some good ol' lady in any shape or form. John Meade 84619, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Ain't heard from my people in years. Can you dig it? Daryl L. Avemt #89746, Ohio State Reformatory, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

No shit. I could use some mail. AB Richard Eubank, Box 10,000, Lowery AFB, Colorado.

I'm at the Corvallis Work-Release Center and could dig meeting a far-out chick. Call or stop over. Ask for Tom. Corvallis, Oregon. 752-9311.

We're two bikers down doin' bits, starving for snatch. Please send mail. (BACT) Robin Diehl #130336, (BACT) Jerry Eades #127561, M.C.T.C. Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

Dig, people, I've been behind these gray walls for 10 long years now and seen no light yet! I'm an artist and need photos of biker chicks and putts. John R. Miller, Box B-107, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

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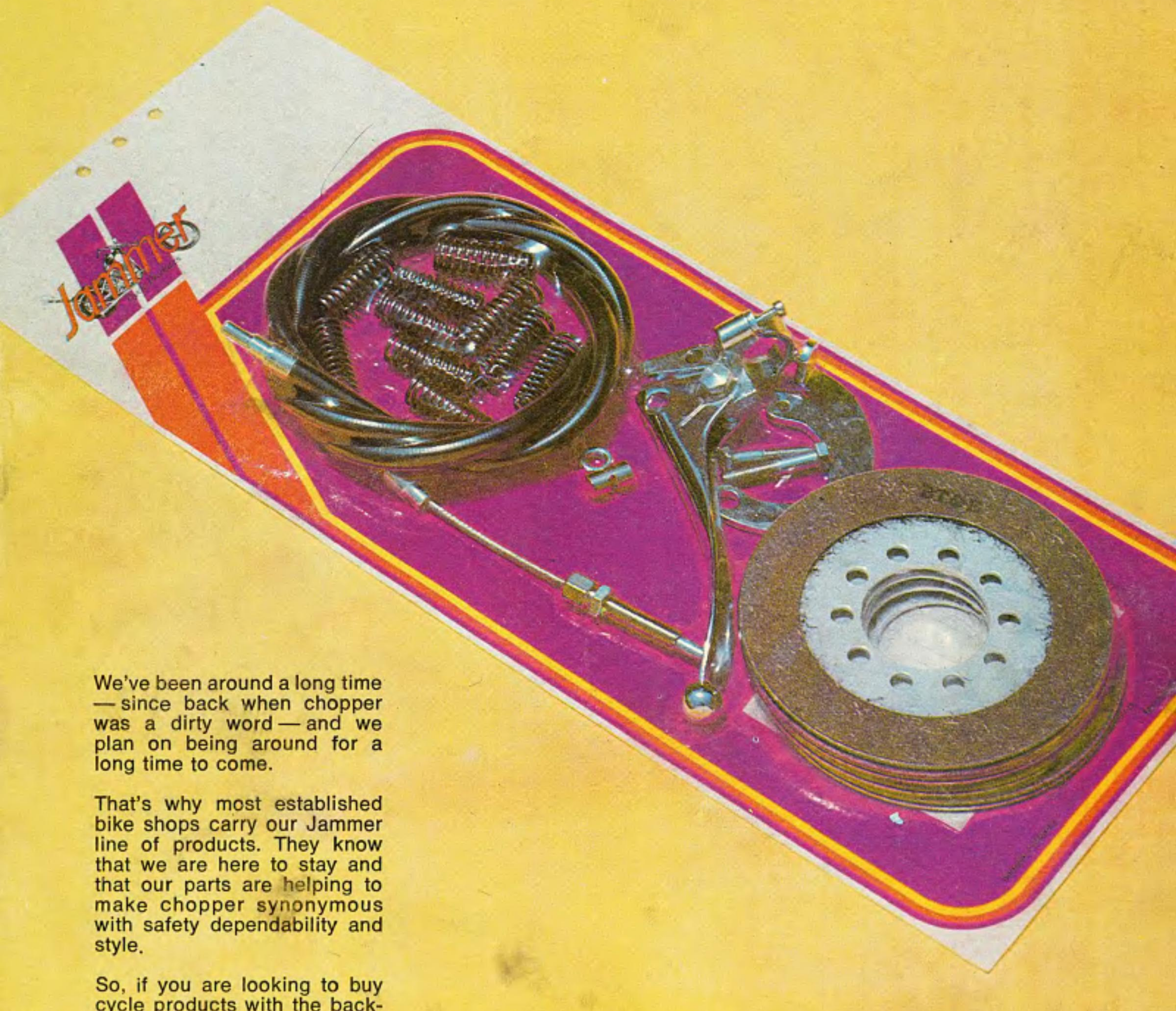

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